The vanishing arts patron

When the bridge fell

Athenia sinking: heroes and horrors

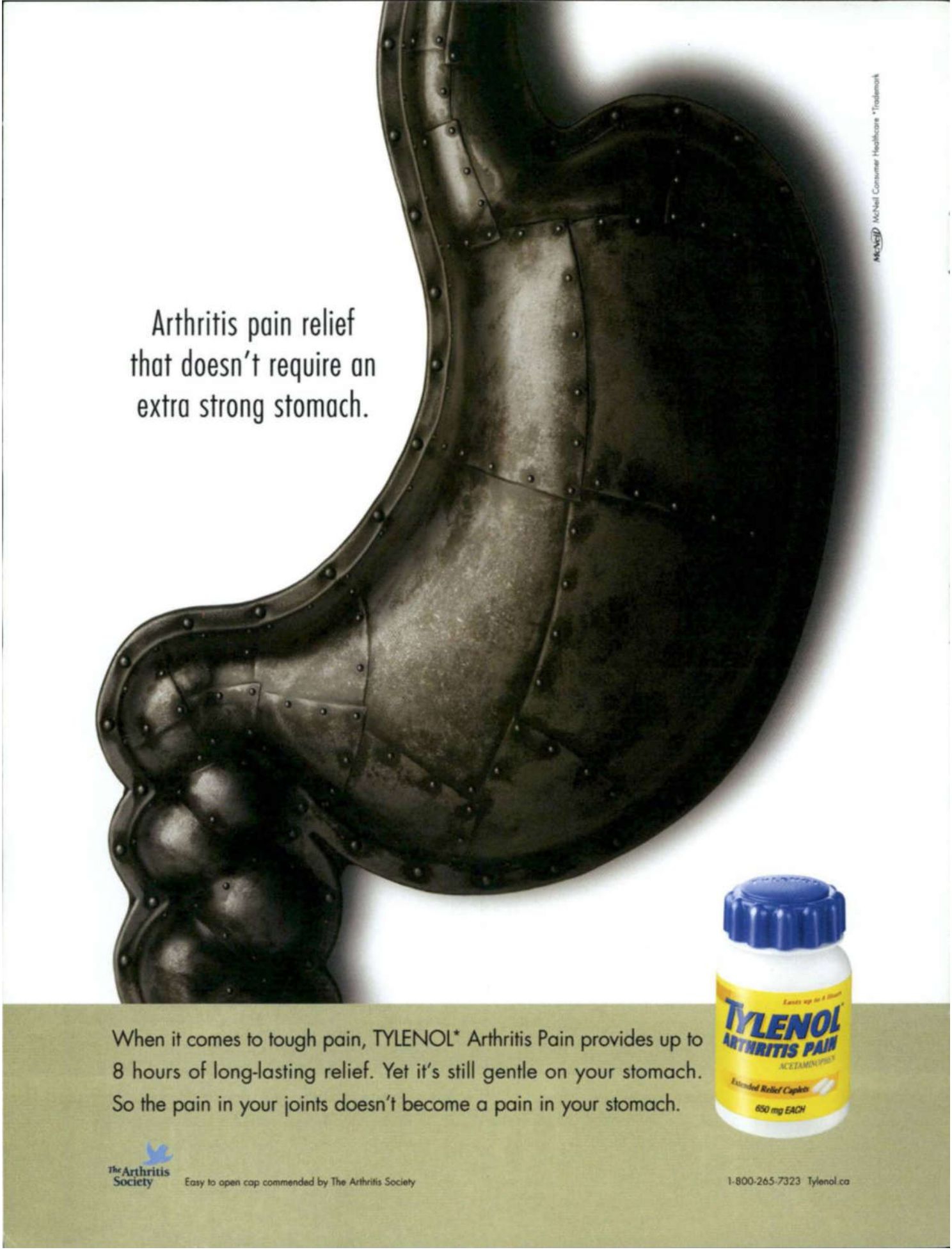
The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

April | May 2006

25 Historic Roses in Bloom

As hardy as their namesakes, these Canadian Explorers earn their enduring legacy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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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History's Downplays

In September 1939, 28 Americans and 84 others died when a German sub torpedoed the passenger ship *Athenia* hours after Britain declared war. Germany's invasion of Poland had shown that Hitler had to be stopped.

Sixty-two Septembers later, 24 Canadians died when terrorists attacked the World Trade Centre in Manhattan. The 9/11 attacks killed about 2,800 others, mostly Americans.

The story of that first incident is told in this issue. We start with Daniel Francis's piece about the experiences of his future mother-in-law, an *Athenia* survivor (p. 30) followed by one on the German U-boat war within Canadian territory. (Canada's war did not occur exclusively in Europe or the Pacific.) A third piece tells the curious tale of a robotic weather spy in Labrador.

THOMAS FRICKE

As Francis writes, the American *Athenia* deaths were downplayed. That suited America's desire to avoid Europe's war. Germany downplayed the whole incident; Hitler didn't want the U.S. involved, either. Thankfully for the free world, other events later drew the U.S. into the global conflict.

Canada has similarly downplayed Canadian 9/11 deaths. Our prime ministers hardly spoke of it, then or since. Official acknowledgement is scant. Our media, with a few fine exceptions, made little of it. It seems that just as the U.S. (and Germany) 62 years ago felt that attention to American *Athenia* deaths might influence public opinion, and hence public policy, Canada has preferred to view 9/11 as an exclusively American issue. That diminishes the deaths, and lives, of those 24 Canadians, war victims as much as anyone on *Athenia*.

On a lighter note, this issue's cover story (p. 24), compiled by assistant editor Jennifer Nault, aims jointly at our readers' interests in history and gardening. Canada has a great record of horticultural and agricultural innovation. Explorer roses are among the most popular, and most beautiful, examples.

We continue to receive lively comments from readers, and invite more on this edition or others. Letters (p. 6) contains interesting examples, including responses to a reader who in the February/March edition took exception to anglicized terms in the December/January issue.

And, alas, sharp-eyed readers continue to find our shortcomings. For example, our Review section last issue referred wrongly to the Churchill River as the historic trade connection to the Mackenzie River. It's the Athabasca that connects to the Mac. And a reader questioned why a photo accompanying our February/March feature on 1906 Olympic hero William Sherring was dated 1806 by the photographer. (It's reproduced to the left. A close look shows it's likely a very stylized 9, but it does look like an 8. You can judge for yourself.)

We try hard to avoid errors, but we do appreciate hearing about them (in a way). We especially appreciate the lively debates our content can generate. Don't be shy to have your say on this issue, or any issues.

Murdoch Davis
Editor
editors@historysociety.ca

ON THE COVER: ILLUSTRATION OF FRONTENAC AND MARTIN FROBISHER ROSES BY JOSÉE MORIN

Make me over, Mother April, when the sap

Sugar Making in Canada.
Cornelius Krieghoff (1815 – 1872)

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF/C150736

The Beaver
April | May 2006 Vol. 86:2

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The Sinking of the Athenia BY DANIEL FRANCIS **30**
One passenger's intimate and personal account of the first shot fired in the Battle of the Atlantic.

The Automatic Spy BY ANDRÉ PELCHAT **37**
In World War II, the Germans perched "Kurt" on a Labrador hill. It took 40 years to find him.

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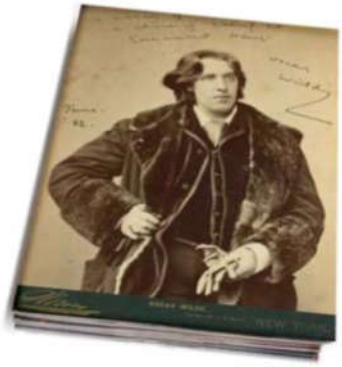
Letters



Sometimes ex means wrong ...

In your article on Oscar Wilde and Canadian artist Frances Richards [Feb./Mar. 2006] you describe their mutual friend Augusta Elizabeth Ross as "a Canadian expatriot widow." However long she may have been an expatriate in London, we are given no reason to suspect she was any less patriotic than when she lived here!

DONALD LAWSON
RIDGETOWN, ONT.

Worth waving

The Moment piece [Feb./Mar. 2006] about the first raising of the Canadian flag brought back a vivid memory. In 1989, between high school and university, I lived in England, working and backpacking around. I have always admired our flag. I had one on my pack and was often warmly received because of it.

Approaching the London outskirts by train through an industrial park, there was a Canadian flag snapping in the breeze. Homesickness came over me. I felt intense pride at being Canadian and having such a magnificent flag. I tried to conceal my tears from the other passengers.

RUTHANNE EDWARD
OTTAWA, ONT.

Chacun à son goût?

I agree with Diane Santerre's first point about your use of the title from Gilles Vigneault's song [Letters, Feb./Mar. 2006] but totally disagree with her statements about the Van Doos and English Canada.

I too grew up in Quebec City and am proud of the famed Royal 22nd Regiment. It was called the "Van Doos" out of respect for its French-Canadian soldiers, who time and again showed unfailing grit, determination and uncommon courage. Anglo-Canadian admirers had trouble pronouncing "vingt-deux"; it sounded like "Van Doo." To say that it is "culturally disrespectful" is wrong.

The rest of her comments about the "French" versus the "English," her perceived slights against French Canadians and our language, her claim that French Canadians feel cheated and disrespected, only make me sad. That is so different from my own experience in travels across Canada and relationships with Canadians from various parts of this country. I'm sad for her and that some readers may think all French Canadians feel that way. We do not.

LOUISE E. CHAPDELAINE
SHEFFORD, QUE.

I recently received my first *Beaver* and enjoyed the articles and letters. However, I was disturbed by Diane Santerre's letter, particularly her references to "Van Doos" as "culturally disrespectful."

In Quebec City recently, I visited the Citadel, regimental home of the Van Doos. I was told upon entry that it was the "home base of the famous Van Doos, the Royal 22e Regiment." The term can hardly be disrespectful when the regiment itself uses it. Affectionate nicknames are common among Canada's regiments. The Hastings and Prince Edward are the "Hasty P's," the Loyal Edmonton are the "Eddies" and the 48th Highlanders are the "Glamour Boys," due to their elaborate Highland dress.

Ms. Santerre's letter speaks to her own sensitivity and perceived slights.

I look forward to future editions. So far, so good.

KEN DAVIS
UNIONVILLE, ONT.

Credit where overdue

I was thrilled to read Peter Unwin's article about novelist Major John Richardson ["The Pen & the Sword," Feb./Mar. 2006], but shocked that the only mention of David Beasley was at the end, about his book *The Canadian Don Quixote*.

David resurrected Richardson's last novel, *Westbrook*, which many scholars didn't believe existed. After considerable research, he found a letter from Richardson that mentioned it by name, then discovered it advertised by a New York publishing house in the mid-1850s. He then found it had been serialized in a New York newspaper in 1851. David was so impressed he republished it through his Davus Publishing, which later republished three other Richardson books that had been long out of print.

The world of Canadian literature owes much to David Beasley, a well-known researcher, writer and scholar.

STEPHEN J. BEECROFT
ELLIOT LAKE, ONT.

Peter Unwin's article certainly makes Richardson's life seem exciting, which it probably was. It also makes Richardson's most important novel, *Wacousta*, seem bizarre, which it is not, except insofar as it uses some literary conventions no longer in fashion. Unwin's exaggerations seriously distort the book.

Examples: some characters who act with bravery do succeed in affecting good, and not all "die brutally"; the man who disguises himself as a beaver is swimming underwater holding a beaver pelt above his head, and is thought to be a beaver only from a distance; the innocent man is not "instantly" executed; one body falls from a ship's rigging, not from "the sky."

Unwin's worst distortion: "*Wacousta* is a template for Canadian literary racism." The opposite is true. The characters who refer to the native people as "Ingians" are shown to be uneducated British soldiers; the officers are respectful of Chief Pontiac at least. While "Uggh!" is occasionally used for native language, the authentic word "Saginaw" is also used. More importantly, native customs are accurately described, Chief Pontiac is portrayed as a sagacious and dignified leader and Pontiac's children are the heroes of the story.

HEATHER KIRK
AUTHOR OF THE ABBREVIATED, MODERNIZED VERSION OF *WACOUSTA* PUBLISHED IN 2005 BY WINDING TRAIL PRESS

Snow for all to blow

Arthur Sicard of Quebec was not the only Canadian to think of something to drive burdensome snow away [Currents, Dec. 2005/Jan. 2006]. Orange Jull of Orangeville, Ont. patented a rotary snow plough designed to clear railways.

His 1884 patent was inspired by the turbine blades at his Orangeville mill. The plough initially used double blades rotating in opposite directions. A later version called "The Jull Excavator" used a screw auger followed by a single rotary blade, similar to modern domestic snow blowers.

By 1890 most of the major rail lines in Canada and the northern U.S. were using Jull/Leslie ploughs. A 1992 article in the *Amtrak Express* said a few original Jull ploughs were still in use.

JIM PACKHAM
TORONTO, ONT.

Gift keeps on giving

One day a friend of mine, Suzanne Michaud, gave me the address of *The Beaver* and the price of the subscription and told me, "This is a revue for you." She was right. This was 20 years ago and I trained myself to read English. I've never missed an issue since and am still eager to receive the next.

In *The Beaver* I relearned Canada's history, which we, both French and English, knew only from sided historians who did not care about the truth, so long as they were winners, pulling their gang in constant conflicts.

I am now 88. None of my friends reads English. So the time will come that I will not renew, but *The Beaver* will still be No. 1 in Canadian history.

JAKE ROULO
SENNETERRE, QUE.

More bleeding for a good cause

While the use of full-bleed photographs in *The Beaver* of yore may not have been commonplace, the magazine has bled since long before your new art director was born. [Editor's note, Feb./Mar. 2006.]

Peter C. Newman loves to punctuate his prose with colourful language. Maybe this small exaggeration is meant to underscore his enthusiasm and praise for the new design. Coming from a recipient of the Pierre Berton Award, it's bloody nice for the magazine.

Congratulations.

LAIRD RANKIN
PUBLISHER, *THE BEAVER*, 1997–2004
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Live long and prosper

Well, WOW. The first of my gift subscription arrived and I'm agreeably impressed! If all future issues are like this I'll take a lifetime subscription (well, I'm 84 so it just might be a short one!) As an expatriate, born in Winnipeg, it might make a good story to read of the three VCs who lived on Valour Road. In fact, a story series on all Canadian VCs might be a good idea.

Canadians have never been known as "hero worshipping" like the U.S.A. but we need to impress upon our younger generation(s) the brave accomplishments of our citizen soldiers.

I look forward to the next issue.

DOUG MORLEY
BRADENTON, FLA.

Dief's beef

Congratulations to Prof. Andrew Potter on his admirable assessment of George Grant's *Lament for a Nation* [Explorations, Dec. 2005/Jan. 2006], still the definitive thesis on our botched nationalism. I differ with him though, when he says Grant considered "bureaucratic ineptitude" one of the main things that defeated John Diefenbaker's attempt to re-establish a cogent Canadian nationalism.

In several interviews, Grant left no doubt it was a partnership between the Liberal Party and civil service that helped sink Diefenbaker's efforts, as much as his inability to understand the levers of leadership. The toadying of the top bureaucrats, and their defection to run as candidates or even serve as clandestine operatives for the Liberals, is one of the features of Canadian political life, just as escalating anti-Americanism is the hallmark of today's Canadian nationalism.

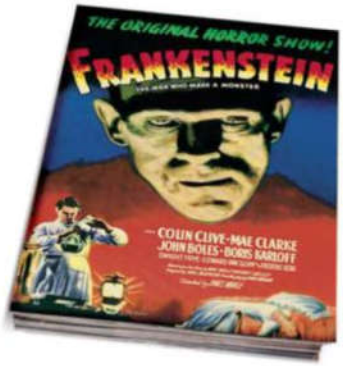
RON MACDONALD, RETIRED REPORTER
NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.

Praise from Frank's daughter

I am absolutely delighted with the article "Kamloops Meets Karloff" [Oct./Nov. 2005]. Boris Karloff was my father. This article is one of the best I have ever read about his time in Canada. It contained information I had not read elsewhere and filled in several information gaps for our family.

I have thanked the writer, Jim Chliboyko, for his excellent research and writing and extend my thanks to the staff of *The Beaver*.

SARA KARLOFF
U.S.A.



NOTE

A photo from the collection of the late Ken H. Merilees was incorrectly credited to the CP Archives ["Canada's Silk Road," Dec./Jan. 2006, p. 20]. Merilees was an avid photographer and train enthusiast, born and raised in Vancouver. Most of his photos were taken in Western Canada and the northwestern U.S.

His daughter, Darlene, with other family members, keeps the collection and may be contacted at #24, 12039 193 St., Pitt Meadows, B.C. V3Y 2J7.

The Beaver welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Currents

Heritage

Cross examination

Since the Victoria Cross was instituted 150 years ago as the supreme decoration for gallantry in wartime in the then British Empire, 1,351 have been awarded – 94 to Canadians. It has long been contended that each cross was made of bronze from two Russian cannon captured at the siege of Sebastopol in 1854 during the Crimean War. This information, taken from the producing company's website, was reported in an article on Canadian VC winners in the December 2005/January 2006 *Beaver*.

Not so, says British historian John Glanfield, author of the recently released *Bravest of the Brave*, a history of the award and the deeds of its recipients.

According to Glanfield's research, the cannon, kept in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, near London, are not Russian by manufacture, but Chinese. He adds that no evidence exists that the cannon were captured at Sebastopol and that their presence in the arsenal predates the Crimean War (1854–1856).

After studying historical documents and subjecting individual medals to X-ray analysis, Glanfield has concluded that the so-called Woolwich cannon were not used for Victoria Crosses until 1914 when metal from a previous gun ran out. He calculates that with the wastage involved in manufacture, the amount of metal needed to make all the crosses since 1856 exceeds the amount the Woolwich cannon could supply. Meanwhile, enough metal remains from the Woolwich cannon for a further 80 or so crosses.

Dusty archives to the rescue

Almost a year after a fire destroyed thousands of historic photographs of Labrador Inuit and Innu, duplicates have miraculously appeared. On March 8, 2005, a fire in Nain destroyed the Torngasok Cultural Centre where the original photos were being held. But Lorne Hollett, curator for *Them Days* magazine, a publication about the history of Labrador, has recently come forward with a stock of copied negatives found in the magazine's archives. The photographs show the Inuit and Innu engaged in tasks such as making clothes and kayaks. Torngasok's director, Catharyn Anderson was "very excited" when Hollett told her of the find. "Lorne's call was such a surprise," said Anderson.

Inuit brass band, 1901.

DOROTHY SMITH COLLECTION

Among the Torngasok Cultural Centre's lost archival holdings were lantern slides that Moravian missionaries, who arrived in Labrador in 1752, used to teach classes. The centre also lost archaeological artifacts and other photographs.

Hollett found the collection by chance when he was assessing a stack of *Them Days* archives. He came across a reference to a 1970s archival project whose mandate was to collect and store copies of Labrador images. Investigating further, Hollett discovered duplicates of the lost Torngasok photos. Even better than the originals, the duplicates are carefully indexed so the names of many of the subjects are recorded for posterity.

While the fire is out, there is still cause for concern. The photographs are fragile due to their age and chemical composition. *Them Days* recently received $13,000 from the Labrador Inuit Association to preserve them in acid-free containers.

Hollett isn't alone in helping replace some of the items lost in the devastating Nain fire. Since it happened, people have been donating such items as photographs and books. But the return of the irreplaceable Torngasok photos is beyond measure. According to Anderson, "I couldn't believe that this was something else we were going to get back."

TAKE THE
DAY OFF
April 1: To note the 1734 inauguration of Canada's first lighthouse, at Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island. Click with someone.

GARY MULCAHEY

Jeremy Diamond attending a special Year of the Veteran appreciation event at Burlington Central High School on Dec. 19, 2005. Veterans Dorothy Simpson, Lawrence McGuin and Gord Hendery spoke at the event.

Memory manager

What do you recall about learning Canadian history, particularly war history, in the classroom? Trying to absorb page after page of a textbook? Preparing for a test by memorizing key dates, names and battles? Too often, history education has been perceived as a tedious undertaking, bereft of relevance and disconnected from the experience of living. Yet many dedicated teachers are reanimating Canadian history – and they aren't alone. Concrete and enduring connections to the past are being made, showing that Canadian history is alive and its pulse is strong. Indeed, the pulse quickens with a growing movement to make history more tangible, public and accessible.

The Memory Project was born out of this imperative, established in 2001 as the Dominion Institute's flagship educational program to connect war veterans and students in classrooms across the country. Nationwide, the Memory Project Speakers' Bureau includes 1,500 veterans who volunteer to visit classrooms and communities, sharing their stories. Vets represent a wide range of conflicts, including World War I, World War II and the Korean War. Others tell of their peacekeeping experiences.

Memory Project manager Jeremy Diamond aims to "put an exciting face to Canadian history." With a master's degree in public history from the University of Waterloo, Diamond has dedicated himself to presenting the past in all its humanity. He feels a sense of urgency and asserts there has been a surge of interest in war stories: "Veterans want to tell; students want to listen. A lot of students find it important to ask questions directly, questions such as 'What did you eat?' 'Where did you sleep?' When kids connect to the stories on their own level they can draw parallels to their own lives." Personalizing our war past, for better or for worse, engages students and prompts dialogue. "It isn't about glorifying war, rather it's about showing the reality of war. They have direct access to stories of adventure and tragedy and a glimpse into the lives of our vets, some who were almost the same age as the students when they entered the service."

To date, veterans volunteering on behalf of the Memory Project have reached more than 300,000 youth. For more information visit www.thememoryproject.com

ON THE Web

http://1759.ccbn-nbc.gc.ca

Make strong alliances. The National Battlefields Commission and the Virtual Museum of Canada have created a site that sends surfers to the Plains of Abraham in the year 1759 to relive, alongside the French, British and native peoples, the battle for the conquest of America.

www.glenbow.org/mavericks

According to author Aritha Van Herk, a maverick is "a unique character, an inspired or determined risk-taker … someone who propelled Alberta in a new direction." Explore Alberta's history through the lives of its mavericks. Personalities range from Mounties, ranchers and politicians to activists. Over 700 artifacts, historic photographs, documents and maps tell Alberta's story.

www.virtualmuseum.ca/Exhibitions/BishopStringer

Not for the timid gourmand, learn about Bishop Isaac O. Stringer, who, in 1909, made a perilous journey from Fort McPherson to Dawson City to assume charge of the Mackenzie River diocese. Lost in the mountains for 51 days, he recorded the meal of his "palatable" sealskin boots in candid diary entries. Bon appetit.

April 16: To mark Governor James Douglas's announcement 150 years ago of the discovery of gold in British Columbia. Pan something (in the absence of gold, perhaps a really awful movie).

April 21: To celebrate the nuptials 200 years ago of Jean-Baptiste Lagimodière and Marie-Anne Gaboury, maternal grandparents of Louis Riel. Raise a toast.

Currents

Our home & native...

Five-pin bowling

Thomas F. "Tommy" Ryan opened Canada's first regulation 10-pin bowling alley in 1905 on the second floor of the Boisseau Building in Toronto. Ryan's elite and private club was graced by a piano, a string orchestra and lush, tropical plants. The customers, apparently in need of some strength training, began complaining about the size and weight of the 10-pin balls. Ryan asked his father to reduce the size of the pins to about three-quarters of the originals. He spaced five of them equally apart on the 10-pin triangle, using a small rubber ball to knock them down. The new game required a new scoring system, which Ryan devised.

For his "strike" of genius, Thomas Ryan was inducted into the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame in 1971.

JUNE 1935 in The Beaver

John Buchan, governor general designate of Canada, reflects on the enterprises that lay the groundwork for the Empire: "There is no more romantic story ... in the whole world than the story of the Hudson's Bay. These merchant companies were like pointer dogs; they went out to find game, and, unlike badly bred dogs, they did not eat the game, but they brought it back. They did the blazing of the trail ... and when they had made the rudiments of a nation the British Empire stepped in and took it over."

Moment

April 13, 1928: The first plane to attempt an east–west crossing of the Atlantic crashes beside the Greenly Island lighthouse

"There is a giant fish in the sky!" shouts 11-year old Antoine Letemplier, who had been watching the sled dogs frolicking in the snow. The Greenly Island lightkeeper's son beckons his family outside. Rushing out, the Letempliers watch an aircraft land on their lagoon, break the ice, plunge nose down and settle in about two metres of water. The pilot and co-pilot step out of the cockpit unharmed. A frail looking man follows after them, but loses his footing and plunges headlong into the frigid water. He is soaked through to the bone. Antoine's mother, Caroline, runs up to the man and leads him toward the shore. While she can't make out his words, she is quick to offer him a warm place beside the fire in the family's home.

The aircraft appears to be undamaged except for the tip of one propeller blade, which is slightly bent. The pilots, with the help of lightkeeper Johnny Letemplier and his assistant Albert Letemplier, use ropes in an attempt to pull down the tail of the aircraft to a level position. They are concerned that in such a strong wind, the tail could be slammed onto the ice and damaged. Soon, curious people from the mainland, anxious to lend a hand, arrive by dogsled. Language becomes a problem, with the German pilot directing operation and the Irish co-pilot interpreting his commands to a mainly French-Canadian group of men. Mass confusion results. Although the plane is only slightly damaged on landing, unskilled hands heave it badly out of shape.

Instead of receiving a mammoth reception in New York City, the *Bremen*, the first plane to cross the Atlantic from east to west, crash-landed beside the Greenly Island lighthouse at 2:08 p.m. on April 13, 1928. For a short while this remote strip of Canada near the small fishing village of Blanc Sablon, off Quebec's most northerly shore, became the focus of international news.

The *Bremen*, a Junker 33, took off at dawn on April 12 from Baldonnel, Ireland for New York City. On board were three experienced crewmembers: the backer of the expedition, the frail, aristocratic German, Baron Ehrenfried Guenther Von Huenefeld; his countryman, pilot Captain Hermann Koehl; and the Irish co-pilot, the charismatic Major James Fitzmaurice.

The baron recorded in his logbook that the first 20 hours of flight were uneventful. But suddenly the weather deteriorated and he noted "a cold, intense fog and sleet wrapped around us like a clinging hand of fate." Complicating matters, the compass failed. From that point, it took 12 hours to sight land, although they had initially estimated the plane to be a mere three hours away from land. Drifting off course, they veered north to Labrador where the snowy Torngat Mountains appeared in the distance. Heading south and with only two hours of fuel remaining, they entered clear skies and spotted a lighthouse, a pack of dogs, four people and a place to land the plane. Captain Koehl made an instant decision and directed the *Bremen* toward Greenly Island.

KATHERINE MCINTYRE

TAKE THE
DAY OFF
May 1: To mark the 50th anniversary of the Canadian Labour Congress. Sing Solidarity Forever.
King George II

From left to right, the three *Bremen* crewmembers: Baron Ehrenfried Guenther Von Huenefeld, pilot Captain Hermann Koehl and Irish co-pilot Major James Fitzmaurice.

On April 13, about 36 hours after the pilots had taken off from Ireland, Von Heunefeld, Koehl and Fitzmaurice landed in North America, albeit in a rather undignified fashion.

A few hours after their rough landing, when the aircraft was finally secured and the gas tank emptied, the exhausted aviators accepted Madame Letemplier's invitation for tea. Fitzmaurice wrote in his memoirs, "It would be impossible to describe how wonderful this meal of potatoes mixed with corned beef tasted."

For 13 days the *Bremen* crewmembers became world news and part of the daily lives of the lightkeeper, his wife and their six children. During his stay with the Letempliers, the baron, already suffering from cancer, developed a high temperature and nearly died. While Madame Letemplier nursed him back to health he passed the time writing reflections and poetry in his journal. In one entry he commented on Madame Letemplier's French-Canadian hospitality and in another he described the scene:

In the small hut of quiet rustic folk
In the snow blown wastelands, lonely and immense.

On their final evening together, the lighthouse family and the aviators held a farewell dinner. The following day, Von Huenefeld, Koehl and Fitzmaurice flew off in a ski plane to face a whirl of receptions in the United States.

A few weeks later, Johnny Letemplier was hired to build a granite cairn at the site where the *Bremen* had touched down. A brass plaque was attached to the cairn with the inscription "April 13, 1928" and the names of the flyers. For the monument's dedication ceremony on Aug. 14, 1928, neighbours and friends from up and down the north shore came to the lonely lighthouse to hear the story once again. Then Greenly Island disappeared from the world news.

–Katherine McIntyre

Political humour?

100 years ago, author Stephen Leacock's first book was published. His *Elements of Political Science*, a political textbook, was released by Houghton Mifflin in June 1906. Although Leacock is regarded today as one of Canada's top humorists, his first and best-selling book (during his lifetime) provided little to chuckle about. Not considered to be exceptionally original in its approach, Leacock's first foray into the oblique world of political analysis displays good common sense.

For a textbook, the sales were phenomenal, giving credence to the value of Leacock's opinions and his contribution to political thought. *Elements* was translated into 19 languages and used in university classrooms around the world for nearly two decades. In *How to Write*, Leacock kept his wits about him as he reflected on the process of writing *Elements*:

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/PA 133154

Stephen Leacock

But for me the writing of it had a peculiar effect. I found that again and again I wanted to put something funny into it. I was sure I could describe much better the nature of British government if I were allowed to put in a dialogue between the Keeper of the Swans and the Clerk of the Cheque, or the Master of the Bloodhounds ... It was no sooner adopted as the text book by the renovated government of China, than the anti-Manchu rebellion swept the former Empire. The Khedive of Egypt's attempt to use it as the text book of the Egyptian schools, was followed by the nationalist outbreak.

May 17: To observe the 250th anniversary of England declaring war on France, the start of the Seven Years' War. Repeat after Morley Safer: "Any peace is honourable."

PEI's first governor, Walter Patterson

May 30: To note the separation in 1769 of St. John Island (PEI) from its annexation with Nova Scotia. Consider that this may not be one of those trial separations.

Currents

Democracy disrupted

Ontario's first parliament buildings, 1796–1813.

The site of Ontario's first parliament buildings is being historically preserved in Toronto. Located in the heart of the old town, they were the first brick structures in York. The Ontario government, City of Toronto and local heritage groups have acquired a large part of Canada's first parliament site from a private landowner. The land is at 265 Front Street East in downtown Toronto.

Underground artifacts are all that remain of the brick buildings that were completed in June 1797. During the War of 1812, the Americans attacked by way of the town's harbour. The courthouse and parliament buildings were looted and burned to the ground on April 27, 1813. The location must have had some bad *chi*. Rebuilding on the site was enacted and completed quickly, but the four-year-old buildings were destroyed in another fire in 1824.

Ontario Culture Minister Madeleine Meilleur says the Ontario Heritage Trust will ensure the long-term preservation of the site, "our cradle of democracy." If there are any future building plans, we've heard steel is a good construction material.

CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES

Bon voyage no longer

A famous painting by A.Y. Jackson, *Entrance to Halifax Harbour* is returning to its namesake maritime city after crossing the Atlantic Ocean 81 years ago. Most Canadians have never had the chance to view the painting that is credited with launching their country's national art movement. Five years after it was painted, the Tate Gallery in London snapped it up. "[This] was perceived at the time as affirmation of a Canadian art movement," Charles Hill, the National Gallery's curator of Canadian art, has stated. "The purchase of this painting by the Tate marked a turning point in the Group's history."

In January 1919, A.Y. Jackson was sent to Halifax on an assignment for the Canadian War Records, as an official war artist documenting the end of World War I. On arrival, he found most of the large troopships were being diverted to other ports, leaving him with little to record. He traipsed around Bedford for a while, returning to Halifax in mid-March after hearing that the large troopships were back, and made some sketches. *Entrance to Halifax Harbour* depicts Canadian navy ships packed with troops steaming into the harbour at the end of the war. Despite Jackson's mission in Halifax, none of the canvases he painted – based on those initial sketches – was ever purchased from the Canadian War Records.

TATE GALLERY, LONDON/ART RESOURCE, NY

Entrance to Halifax Harbour, A.Y. Jackson, 1919

The *Entrance* painting was part of the Group of Seven's first exhibition in Toronto in May 1920, then toured art museums throughout the United States. After the Tate Gallery purchased it, the Group of Seven gained international status and recognition. England's stamp of approval was extremely important to a nation in its artistic infancy. At the same time, many influential Canadian art critics disapproved of the newly formed Group of Seven and their seemingly overzealous self-promotion, announcing themselves as Canada's national group of painters. The founding group members – A.Y. Jackson, J.E.H. MacDonald, Lawren Harris, Arthur Lismer, Franklin Carmichael, F.H. Varley and Frank Johnston – were known for painting bold, brightly coloured landscapes that reflected Canada in an expressionistic style.

In April 2006, *Entrance to Halifax Harbour* will be crossing the Atlantic again to dock for a time at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. The loan commemorates the Year of the Veteran (2005). The gallery is thrilled with the long-term loan of the painting, a deal struck with the Tate Gallery through the assistance of the British High Commission in Ottawa. Land ahoy!

Excavation of the parking lot site, May 2005

COURTESY OF WESTERN HERITAGE SERVICES

Parking lot Presbyterians

In October 2004, as the parking lot for the new Forestry Centre in Prince Albert, Sask. was prepared for asphalt, more than prairie dirt was uncovered. Construction workers noticed rectangular outlines in the topsoil.

The Saskatchewan government's $13–million structure is a key landmark for this prairie city's downtown revitalization. But the site was quickly overshadowed by its history when archaeologists discovered 24 coffins in unmarked graves. Parking lot construction ceased for the winter. In May 2005, the remains were exhumed, then transported to Saskatoon for further study.

According to archaeologist Jim Finnigan at Western Heritage Services, 24 crumbling coffins contained only 21 remains, four adults and 17 children, from eight months to 12 years of age. "It was actually really common that if a family was established in one area and they moved away, they took their people with them, but not the caskets," Finnigan explains. He says the caskets were well constructed from Western Red Cedar, which is not indigenous to the Prince Albert area where northern prairie meets boreal forest.

Prince Albert, a city of 35,000 on the North Saskatchewan River, is one of the province's first European settlements. Finnigan's research indicates that this gravesite might have been the first cemetery for the original settlement. It dates to 1864 when Reverend James Nisbet from Manitoba's Red River Settlement arrived to run the Presbyterian mission until 1874.

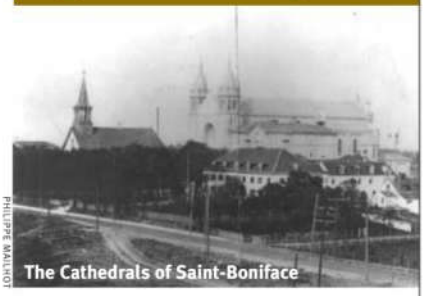
Skeletons and buttons were all that remained inside the coffins, except for one. Since a child had been wrapped in a Hudson's Bay Company blanket, a full set of clothing clung to the skeleton. The remains of cloth liners were found in some coffins, held by brass tacks, but no jewellery or other adornments were discovered. This befits the type of Presbyterianism of the mission, which was tied to the traditional, evangelical wing of the original Scottish church. "The coffins were austere, but not poor, and made to fit," says Finnigan.

After forensic analysis by archaeology graduate students at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, the remains were returned to Prince Albert. In late October 2005, after a Presbyterian church service, the remains were interred in a concrete burial vault at the Presbyterian section of Prince Albert's South Hill cemetery.

The Forestry Centre contains an underground parking lot, but the spot where the graves were covered for many years by a city-owned parking lot is, once again, a surface parking lot.

–D. Grant Black

Calendar
April/May 06



PHILIPPE BARLOT

The Cathedrals of Saint-Boniface

MANITOBA

The Cathedrals of Saint-Boniface

This exhibit profiles what was once known as "The Cathedral City" prior to Saint-Boniface's amalgamation with Winnipeg. Recall the majesty of the 1908 basilica, destroyed by fire in 1968, whose ruins encompass the present cathedral.

Ongoing exhibit

Le Musée de Saint-Boniface Museum, Winnipeg

(204) 237-4500

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Levelling the Playing Field

The Asahis, a talented team of Japanese–Canadian baseball players, competed and won in the Vancouver senior leagues from 1914 to 1941. Relive the great moments and struggles of the Asahis with rare artifacts, photographs, statistics and baseball trivia.

Oct. 29, 2005 to Sept. 30, 2006

Japanese Canadian National Museum, Burnaby

(604) 777-7000 www.jcnm.ca

ONTARIO

Written in Stone

Exploring the design and decoration of Jewish cemetery monuments in Toronto, this exhibit features the art and personal reflections of artist Susan Brown, including photographs, painting and sculpture.

April 1, 2006 to May 14, 2006

The Market Gallery, Toronto

(416) 392-7604

www.stlawrencemarket.com/gallery

Explorations

Jamie Swift and Keith Stewart on

The late (and once great) Ontario Hydro

This spring would have marked the 100th birthday of Canada's first provincially owned electric utility, at one time the largest in North America. But someone left the cake out in the rain.

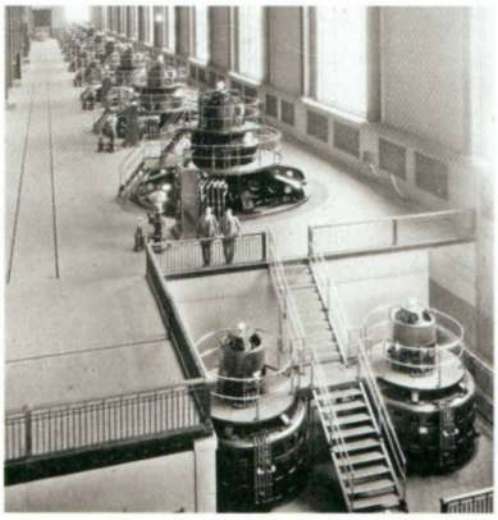
Sir Adam Beck's statue takes pride of place on the stately downtown boulevard of Canada's largest city. As the tulips and flowering fruit trees bloom at his feet on Toronto's University Avenue this spring, the company that Sir Adam forged during one of the monumental battles of Ontario political history might have celebrated its centenary.

It was not to be. Ontario Hydro, the electricity colossus that was Canada's biggest, boldest public utility, was dismantled before the turn of the last century.

Some say that if Sir Adam could see what has happened to his beloved system, he'd be spinning in his grave fast enough to generate a little electricity of his own. Others think that the man who was the most powerful figure in Ontario would be smiling at the irony of it all as the province once again struggles to get the electricity system right and end its reliance on coal-fired power.

The company always hired talented people to undertake its ambitious ventures, from the monumental Sir Adam Beck generating station overlooking the Niagara gorge to its string of staggeringly expensive nuclear power stations. Its official historian was Merrill Denison, English Canada's first important 20th-century playwright and a man who did not shy away from metaphorical claims that reflected the ever-confident company's self-image.

At the height of Hydro's power in the 1960s, Denison wrote that the northern land's rocky plateau had forced Canada to remain a have-not country until the public utility deployed science and technology to unlock nature's bounty. "It is the land that provides the people with their economic sustenance, molds their character, determines their social and political outlook." Hydro's mythmaker may have been borrowing from economic historian Harold Innis who focused on Canada as an exporter of raw materials to analyze its political economy – and he was certainly anticipating Chairman Mao. He claimed in 1960 that Hydro had wrought both "a modern miracle of social regeneration" and a "beneficent cultural revolution."



Completed in 1925, Ontario Hydro's Queenston-Chippewa project on the Niagara River was, in its day, the largest generating station in the world. Later renamed for Sir Adam Beck, it cost $80 million – four times its original estimate.

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario was long known simply as Hydro to the farmers whose homes and barns it electrified well before the private power system south of the border got around to wiring America's back roads. Beck's populist public power movement was rooted in both his province's uneasy relationship with the United States and a rancorous dispute between small city manufacturing interests and financial capital based in Toronto.

In 1902, a strike by 150,000 Pennsylvania coal miners threatened Ontario with a coal shortage. The lesson of dependence on U.S. energy was lost on no one. Moreover, everyone was aware of the untapped potential at Niagara, surely a rich source of the new "white coal" that was electricity. When Canadians gazed across the storied falls, the American side was abuzz with activity. Cheap power had already fuelled a raft of new electro-chemical industries. Yet things were still quiet on the Niagara Peninsula, where the Welland Canal, which connected Lake Erie and Lake Ontario bypassing Niagara Falls, offered an ideal spot to locate energy-hungry factories.

What would take shape as a publicly owned Ontario Hydro monopoly emerged in the winter of 1903 when Toronto financiers associated with the Bank of Commerce, the Toronto Electric Light and Toronto Street Railway companies, National Trust and Canadian General Electric obtained a Niagara concession for their newly formed Electrical Development Company. They recognized Niagara as a ready source of cheap power for their Toronto operations.

At the same time 67 southwestern Ontario mayors and factory owners (they

CP PHOTO/STOCK XCHNG

were often one and the same) from cities like London, Berlin (now Kitchener), Hespeler and Waterloo were getting together at the Berlin YMCA. These men had long been agitating for development of Niagara power.

Among them was a cigar-box manufacturer who had twice been elected mayor of the largest city in southwestern Ontario. London's Adam Beck, undisputed leader of the surging public power movement, was, according to one Hydro history, "a colourful personality." If one image captured the mood in the room, it was a cartoon of an eccentric Conservative politician named Beatty Nesbitt shaking an angry fist and demanding, "The Government at the switch, not corporations."

The Berlin Convention set the stage for a bitter struggle along class lines, with merchant capital represented by well-connected Toronto financiers pitted against manufacturing interests based outside the provincial capital. Pork packer Joseph Flavelle, chairman of the Bank of Commerce and one of Canada's most powerful capitalists, "spoke deprecatingly" of Beck, who never hesitated to flay the Big Interests as he built his brisk populist movement.

Although Canada's bankers and railroad magnates always welcomed government assistance, the idea of Ontario operating a lucrative new business on a non-profit basis stuck in their ideological craw. More importantly, they would lose out on a big money-maker.

The public power movement's barnstorming campaign emphasized power at cost. And costs could be kept down, according to conventional business and engineering logic, if demand could be kept up. Economies of scale in the power business were called load building. Here lay the seeds of Hydro's destruction.

The issue was decided with the election of 1905, when Liberal Premier George William Ross, a model of fiscal probity who wanted to restrain public debt by leaving electricity to the private sector, was trounced by James Whitney's Conservatives. Whitney had voters cheering and bankers sputtering when he declared that electricity "should not in the future be made the sport and prey of capitalists and shall not be treated as anything else but a valuable asset of the people of Ontario."

Whitney's new minister without portfolio was Adam Beck, whose job description was clear. The government introduced the bill that created what would become Ontario Hydro in the legislature, a few blocks up the boulevard from where Sir Adam's statue now stands, on May 7, 1906.

Beck's hubris, and the desire for economies of scale, set the tone for the way Hydro would always do business. By 1920 newly elected Farmer-Labour premier E.C. Drury noticed that Beck had already spent $14.7 million to build the magisterial power house (it would bear his name) and attendant works at Niagara even though the legislature had only voted $11.1 million for the project.

The potential demand for electricity to power factories had boosted the public power movement. But electricity would soon transform the culture. Historian David Nye explains the change in *Consuming Power*, his 1998 book on the social history of energy use. "Just as electrification transformed the possibilities of manufacturing, it energized the popular culture that was emerging at the end of the nineteenth century."

Actors became "stars" in talking pictures, their Names in Lights. Eventually, the average child would watch 30,000 television commercials annually. Mass culture has a huge debt to electrically powered radios, televisions and computers. Contemporary consumer culture is in great measure based on electronic media – and the demand they are so crucial in stimulating. Just as electricity is now like air in the sense that you only notice it when it is suddenly unavailable, so too have television and computers become an unremarkable part of the social environment.

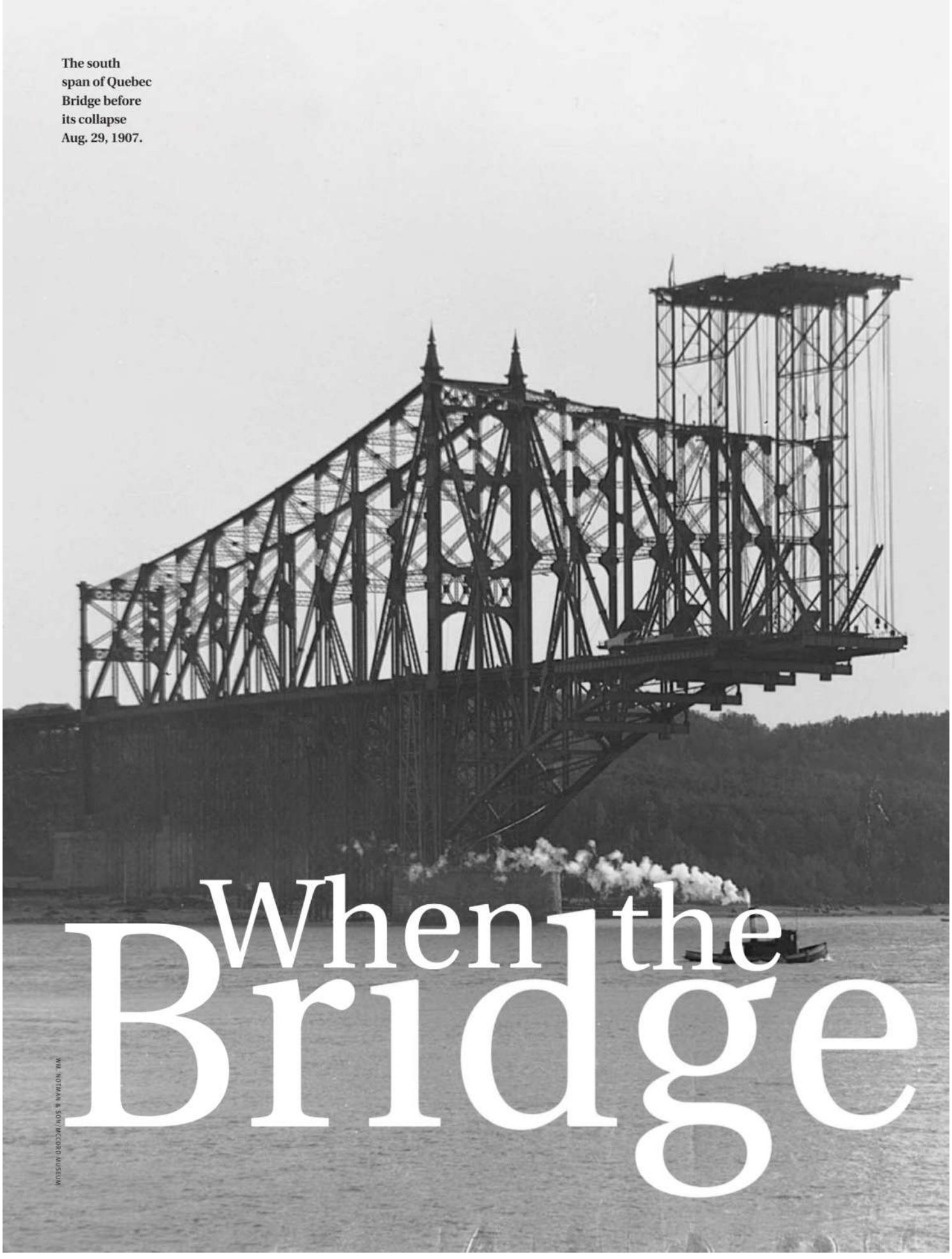
In the 1970s citizens concerned about the natural environment mounted an assault on Hydro that shook the utility to its expensive foundations. The issue was nuclear power and Hydro's new reactor fleet. The cost overruns dwarfed those of the Beck station at Niagara. But the critique went beyond money and the dangers of radioactive waste that remains lethal for time frames beyond human imagination. Environmentalists realized that it was not enough to simply be against Hydro's grand expansion plans. Opposition had to be leavened with proposition.

The green critics proposed that a culture of conservation replace the bigger-is-better imperatives of Hydro's past. Ontario's public power system was hamstrung by a cost-plus nuclear effort that had plunged the old Hydro into debt, eroding its popular support and leaving it vulnerable to a privatization scheme that turned into one of the greatest political train wrecks in the province's history as prices rose, shortages loomed and word of lucrative contracts being awarded to Tory insiders leaked out. The attempt by Mike Harris's Conservatives to hand the electricity system back to the Big Interests that Beck so often decried failed (Harris even brought in Enron advisors to help privatize the system), forcing Ernie Eves, Harris's successor as Conservative premier, to pull the plug on the experiment six months after the market opened in 2002. Ontario now stands at a crossroads.

Where the province goes depends on whether it takes a public-spirited, thoughtful approach or continues with the nuclear gigantism born in the Cold War optimism of the 1950s. The provincial Liberal government of Premier Dalton McGuinty has pledged to close its dirty coal plants and has a sympathetic ear for lobbyists hired by Canada's influential nuclear establishment. The government is continuing with privatization, but cautiously.

The key is to learn from the past and remember what people want – bright, warm houses and cold fridges, not kilowatt hours. Ontario and the rest of Canada can have this by using power more efficiently. Unlike coal or uranium or even "hydro" itself, conservation has no physical limit.

Kingston writer Jamie Swift and Toronto environmentalist Keith Stewart are the authors of *Hydro: The Decline and Fall of Ontario's Electric Empire* published by Between the Lines.



The south span of Quebec Bridge before its collapse Aug. 29, 1907.

WM. NOTMAN & SON/MCCORD MUSEUM

When the Bridge

Kahnawake band elder Andrew Delisle Sr. in October 2005 at Kateri Cemetery, Kahnawake, where some of the 33 Mohawk who died in the Quebec Bridge collapse are buried. Delisle's uncle was one of the victims. Few families at Kahnawake, a First Nations reserve near Montreal, were unaffected by the disaster. (See story p. 20.)

Fell

Ill-fated from the start, the Quebec Bridge collapsed into a pile of rubble in 1907. Nine years later, tragedy struck again. by Susan Goldenberg

Quebec Bridge, after its collapse. The sound of 19,000 tons of steel crashing to the water below resounded as far as Quebec City, 10 kilometres away.

NEURDEIN FRERES/MCCORD MUSEUM

One moment, solid footing; the next moment, nothing. In just 15 terrible seconds what was to have been an engineering marvel, the world's longest cantilever bridge, crumbled during construction, killing 75 of the 86 workers. It was Canada's worst bridge disaster and one of history's worst construction catastrophes. The causes: the designer's arrogance and the government's blind eye to obvious problems. It's tragic when lives are lost in any disaster, but even more appalling when it's as preventable as was the Quebec Bridge disaster in 1907.

Ten kilometres upstream to the west of Quebec City, the bridge was a federal government project. Design plans included two railway tracks for the federally owned Canadian National Railways, two streetcar tracks and a two-lane road. The government turned to American expertise. Theodore Cooper, one of the most respected bridge builders of the era and a past director of the American Society of Civil Engineers, was consulting engineer. The Phoenix Bridge Company of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, with extensive experience in railway bridges, was the contractor.

Although the federal, provincial and Quebec City municipal governments pledged financing and Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier attended the project's announcement in 1901, delivery of money was slow and skimpy until 1903, when Ottawa guaranteed a bond issue of $6.7 million. Cooper became obsessed about whether there would be sufficient money to build what he believed would be his greatest achievement. "Best and cheapest" became his watchwords. Cooper voluntarily reduced his annual salary from $7,500 to $4,000, still princely compared to 50 cents an hour for a 10-hour day for construction workers and 10 cents for the 14-year-old water boy, contentiously negotiated with the recently formed Ironworkers Union. Room and board in shanties was provided to non-local workers from across Canada and the United States, including 33 Indians from Kahnawake near Montreal who formed the largest group of workers. [See "A Community's Loss" page 20.]

Cantilever bridge design calls for spans to be projected from each shore, supported by piers, often joined by a middle span, as was the case for this project. Cooper's obsession with cost prompted a fateful decision: he increased the middle span length from 1,600 feet (488 metres) to 1,800 feet (549 metres) so the piers would be closer to shore, avoiding dangerous ice floes and enabling construction to be finished a year early. But he did not make stress adjustments for the additional weight. Moreover, he refused to travel from his Manhattan, New York office to the project, claiming fragile health, although his only ailments were "grippe" and "fatigue" (he was then in his late 60s).

Cooper's calculations were questioned by the Department of Railways and Canals a year before construction began in 1904. Collingwood Schreiber, the department's chief engineer, suggested that Cooper's plans be submitted to him for approval. Cooper snapped that he would not be "a subordinate" and Schreiber backed down.

On Feb. 1, 1906, the Phoenix Bridge Company's materials inspector observed that the weight of the bridge exceeded the original estimate by as much as a third. This

suggested an entirely fresh start and would have meant humiliation for Cooper at the pinnacle of his career. Cooper declared the stresses acceptable and work proceeded. By mid-1907, as the southern half of the bridge was nearing completion, buckling symptoms were alarming on-site engineer Arthur Birks, 28, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a member of the famous Birks jewellery-store family. Birks was regarded as painstaking in carrying out his responsibility for close inspection of the work, and he warned repeatedly of problems. So did Norman McClure, Cooper's on-site representative, also in his 20s and a Princeton graduate. On Aug. 6, most of the crew went on strike protesting poor working conditions. By just four votes they decided to return to work on Aug. 10.

On Aug. 27 a catastrophic failure of communications began, in which several people in charge assumed the situation was under control by somebody else. Foreman B.A. Yenser, 38, suspended work as buckling intensified, but the next day he ordered work resumed. A.B. Milliken, Phoenix's superintendent of erection, later said that Yenser, who died in the disaster, could not have been very concerned because he informed Milliken of suspending construction in a letter, rather than by telegraph or telephone. In the 2001 book *Le Pont de Québec*, historian Michel L'Hébreux says Yenser changed his mind because "he had a dream that there was no foundation to his fears."

Still, Birks and McClure remained so worried that McClure departed by train the night of Aug. 28 to see Cooper in New York. The next day a number of conflicting events occurred, culminating inexorably in tragedy. At 9:45 a.m. on Aug. 29, Milliken received Yenser's letter and immediately telephoned him. Milliken later cited Yenser as saying, "Everything is all right and I am going ahead."

On arriving at Cooper's office at 11:15 a.m., McClure explained the situation. An hour later Cooper wired Phoenix's chief engineer, John Deans, and instructed: "Add no more load to bridge until after due consideration of facts. McClure will be over at five o'clock."

Cooper believed prompter action would be taken if he wired the company in Pennsylvania rather than the bridge site. He assigned the task of communicating with the site to McClure – but in his haste to get to the company offices at Phoenixville and see Deans, McClure forgot to contact the bridge site.

Cooper's telegram arrived at Deans's Phoenixville office at 1:15 p.m. Deans was in nearby Philadelphia. His secretary, Charles Commard, decided not to alert Deans because "the telegram gave no warning to call the men off. Comparatively little importance was attached to the telegram." On his return at 3 p.m. Deans saw Cooper's telegram but took no action. McClure arrived two hours later. He and Deans agreed to wait until the next day to discuss the situation further with Cooper. Their inconclusive meeting ended at 5:30 p.m.

Seven minutes after that, shortly before quitting time, utter horror erupted. The southern half of the bridge swayed briefly and then collapsed into the water 45 metres below. The crash of the span – 244 metres long, 26.5 metres wide and weighing 19,000 tons – resounded as far as Quebec City. The surrounding countryside trembled so much that people rushed out of their houses thinking there had been an earthquake.

A passing steamer picked up a few lucky survivors. Close to a dozen men survived the horrendous fall only to be trapped in the debris. Would-be rescuers lacked cutting torches and heavy equipment to free victims who begged them to amputate limbs before high tide would sweep in and drown them. (The St. Lawrence at Quebec City is close enough to the sea to be subject to considerable tidal ebb and flow.)

Area doctors raced to the scene but could do nothing. A priest lowered himself down the cliff by rope to administer last rites. Cots and clothing sent by merchants went unused. Thirty doctors dispatched by special train from Quebec also were not needed. Victims' families and curious bystanders gathered. A man broke into tears when he heard a child piteously saying, "My daddy, my daddy, I want my daddy. Daddy, dear, come home."

La Patrie

Catastrophe Nationale

UN DEUIL EPOUVANTABLE S'ABAT SUR QUEBEC

SCENES D'HORREUR INDESCRIPTIBLES

NOMBRE DE FAMILLES DANS LE DEUIL

PRECIS DE L'EFFONDREMENT DE LA PARTIE SUD DU PONT DE QUEBEC

ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUEBEC

The front page of Montreal's *La Patrie*, Friday, Aug. 30, 1907, the day after the bridge collapse.

The next day 16 bodies were pulled out of the rubble with crowbars and tackle. All were badly mutilated, some severed. They were placed in coffins lined along the shore. Arthur Birks's brother offered a $300 reward for Arthur's body but it was never found. Foreman Yenser and water boy Stanley Wilson also died.

"Until yesterday, the pride and delight of our citizens, it is a national calamity," the *Toronto Star* wrote. Cooper was phlegmatic: "Of course we believed that the work was safe, though we cannot prophesy infallibly about something that is new," he said.

The Laurier government took just two days to appoint a royal commission inquiry of three distinguished Canadian civil engineers. Some survivors, with broken bones, were interviewed while still hospitalized. The commission's Feb. 20, 1908 report placed the blame on Cooper and, indirectly, the government. "We do not consider the specifications for the work were satisfactory or sufficient … [They] were accepted without protest by all interested … It was clear the greatest bridge in the world was being built without there being a single man within reach who by experience, knowledge and ability was competent to deal with the crisis."

Cooper became a recluse, his career ignominiously ended. The Phoenix Bridge Company remained in business, but avoided major projects. John Deans became its vice-president.

The disaster spurred changes among engineers worldwide who were shocked into realizing that a scientific approach was essential in calculations. Folklore has it that the iron rings issued to engineering graduates in Canada and the United States in the Ritual of the Calling of an Engineer, a code-of-ethics ceremony, are from the bridge's wreckage. The ceremony was started in 1922 by University of Toronto civil engineering professor H.E.T. Haultain. His friend Rudyard Kipling, the famous writer, composed the elaborate *Obligation*. Its opening words: "I will not suffer or pass, or be privy to the passing of, Bad Workmanship or Faulty Material."

The lore might make a suitable epitaph for the victims, but it is just lore. "The rings are not from the bridge," says Paul Young, chair of civil engineering at University of Toronto. Still, the bridge's history is taught at a number of Canadian and American engineering schools.

The Phoenix Bridge Company paid an average of about $1,100 to victims' families ($1,800 to one widow and her seven children). Parents of single men received $450 to $500. Water boy Stanley Wilson's parents received $450. Injured workers generally got between $200 and $675, but Charles Davis, so badly injured that he could never do high-steel work again, received $1,885 including his lawyer's fees. The Ironworkers Union paid a $100 widows' benefit. Many of the married men had insurance. A public relief fund raised $8,000, of which $2,000 was from the Quebec City Council.

The federal government decided to build a new Quebec bridge, this time allocating $13.5 million (approximately $7 million more than the first). Also cantilever style, it was designed by acclaimed Polish-born, U.S.-based engineer Ralph Modjeski, who also designed the San Francisco–Oakland Bridge, and constructed by the St. Lawrence Bridge Company of Montreal. Hitler's future foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, then in his 20s and living in Canada, was part of the crew.

Construction began in 1912. Incredibly, on Sept. 11, 1916, there was a second disaster. As it was being hoisted into place, the centre section fell due to the failure of a casting in the erection equipment. Thirteen more workers died. Construction resumed and the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VIII, officially opened the bridge on Aug. 22, 1919.

Theodore Cooper died two days later.

The bridge is still in use.

A Com

The Mohawk of Kahnawake were hit hard by

Shontoskwenne is what the Mohawks of Kahnawake call the Quebec City bridge disaster. It's pronounced "*soon-doe-SKWONN-nay*," and means "when the bridge fell."

When the bridge fell, the Mohawks lost 33 of their men. Gone in an instant were breadwinners for 22 families, most of them in their 20s or 30s.

When the bridge fell, suddenly 25 women were widows, 53 children were fatherless. No other community was hit as hard.

When the bridge fell, the D'Aillaboust family suffered the biggest loss – four brothers, an uncle, a cousin and a brother-in-law all died, leaving 22 children without fathers. Ten of those were in the household of Joseph Orite D'Aillaboust, whose widow was pregnant with their 11th child.

When the bridge fell, it was also a major blow to Kahnawake's increased economic reliance on high-steel construction, for which its workers had gained widespread acclaim.

"It is the most major event in our history," says band elder Andrew Delisle Sr. (See photo p. 17.) He was chief of Kahnawake from 1963 to 1970 and 1974 to 1981, and in 1969 became the first aboriginal to receive the Order of Canada. His uncle Mitchell Delisle, at 25, was a victim of *shontoskwenne*. Delisle says Kahnawake "never has talked about it," not because it was too painful to remember, but because "it was accepted right away" as part of Kahnawake's proud tradition of bravery and independence.

"Young people wanted to emulate their forefathers' bravery as voyageurs, warriors [helping the English capture Montreal without bloodshed in the Seven Years' War] and rafters over the Lachine Rapids. Thus, they weren't hesitant about the dangers of bridge-building. Their training as 'rivet punks' began at age 12; they started by fetching equipment. Riveting gangs enjoyed competing against one another to determine which would finish their riveting job first. Then reservation Indians, they never wanted to be dependent on the government, but rather to be self-sufficient. While permission was needed from the government's Indian Agent to work off the reservation for most jobs, it was not [needed] for bridge-building, because of our skill."

Kahnawake, its population then just over 2,000, was a close-knit community of extended families. "Not every family had victims but everyone felt some loss because they knew a name or were neighbours," says Billy Two Rivers, a council member from 1978 to 1998

munity's Loss

the Quebec Bridge collapse. The effects reverberate even today.

and an organizer of a centennial commemoration to be held in 2007. "It had a long-term impact on the family structure, creating an imbalance between men and women. It was a tremendous number of men to lose."

Kahnawake, meaning "at the rapids," is 10 kilometres southwest of Montreal. Mohawks converted to Catholicism by French Jesuits established it in 1716. Until 1980, when Kahnawake was recognized as the official name, outsiders called it "Caughnawaga," the way early Dutch settlers in America adjusted it to their language. The phonetic English pronunciation is Guh-na-WA-geh. The chief sources of income were the fur trade, logging, farming, crafts (moccasins, snowshoes, beadwork) and river piloting, until the men got into bridge construction by chance.

In the 1850s the construction process fascinated river pilots who were delivering stone from Kahnawake's quarries to the site of Montreal's Victoria Bridge. Fearlessly, they clambered along the high support beams in their moccasins for a close-up view. Those in charge of the work were impressed. Until then it had been customary to hire sailors comfortable with heights. Easily trained, the *Kahnawakehronon* were quickly in demand, especially as riveters, the most dangerous high-steel job.

"They were as agile as goats … immune to the noise of riveting which usually makes newcomers to construction sick and dizzy," a Dominion Bridge Company official was quoted in a 1949 *New Yorker* story about native skyscraper builders. "Putting riveting tools in their hands was like putting ham with eggs." By 1907, there were 70 Kahnawake bridge workers, almost half toiling on the Quebec Bridge.

The village learned of the disaster when its only phone rang in the post office at 6:30 p.m., 53 minutes after the bridge collapsed. Postmaster Antoine Glasson ran into the street with the devastating news. Desperate for information, 30 villagers went to the accident site the next morning.

"The poor old mother and two of the wives were there first thing this morning to find out if there was any hope," the *Toronto Star* wrote of the D'Aillabousts. "Their quiet intense grief was most touching and brought tears to the eyes of onlookers even more than if it had been voiced. The poor things simply sat quiet in the office hardly uttering a word, but the mere look of their faces was enough to cause strong ones to lower their voices to whispers."

Only eight Indian bodies were recovered. They were taken by train from Quebec City to Montreal, then transported to Kahnawake. Since the community only had two hearses, it borrowed four from neighbouring communities; the remaining two coffins were carried to St. Francis Xavier Church at Kahnawake for a Catholic mass followed by an Indian death chant. An overflow crowd of hundreds prayed outside the church.

ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUÉBEC

A drawing from the front page of the Sept. 3, 1907 edition of *La Patrie* illustrating the difficulty searching for the dead amid the rubble after the Quebec Bridge collapse.

Only 16 bodies were pulled out of the rubble with crowbars and tackle. All were badly mutilated, some severed in half.

When the disaster occurred, the daughters of two of the victims were in their second week at a government-sponsored, missionary-run Indian residential English school on Ontario's Manitoulin Island, in Georgian Bay, 330 kilometres north of Toronto. Their fathers had wanted them to be trilingual. One of them, Satekenhatie, in 1997 a 102-year-old elder whose English name is Marion Patten Phillips, recalled the time in an interview for Kahnawake's Elders' Calendar. "There were several girls from Kahnawake at the school. Being together made us happy. We were all heartbroken by the tragedy and all wept together. None of the girls returned home because the distance was too far."

Six Indian workers survived the disaster. Alexander Beauvais, team leader of a riveting "four gang," had a particularly amazing escape. Half an hour before the collapse he had reported to C.R. Meredith, the rivet boss, two rivets

T. H. BRUCE
MITCHELL DELISLE
JAMES D'AILLEBOUST
JOE D'AILLEBOUST
ANGUS D'AILLEBOUST
JOE LEFEBVRE
TOM. B. JOCKS
JOE DEER
TOM DEER
MIKE ADAMS
ANGUS LEAF
JOHN NORTON
ANGUS BLUE
PETER D'AILLEBOUST
ANDREW RICE
SOLOMON ANGUS
LOUIS LEE
SO SE O RI THE
JAMES MITCHELL
JOE FRENCH
NAPOLEON LAHAISE
LOUIS B JOCKS
JAMES GOODLEAF
ANGUS MONTAUR
LOUIS D'AILLEBOUST
JOHN C. MORRIS
LOUIS DEER
JOHN JACKO
MOE DIOME
LOUIS D'AILLEBOUST
LOUIS ALBANEY
WA KE RON A IA KE IA RA KWA KE
TSI NI KON ION TION KWE
TA KEN E IA SE
NE TIA TON TA RI KON
SON TONS KWEN NE
AUGEST 29TH 1907
Brahamsen's
Montreal

Opposite: A collage of photographs of the 33 Kahnawake Mohawk who lost their lives during the Quebec Bridge collapse, produced by Archambault photo studio in Montreal. Translated from Mohawk, the tribute at the bottom says: "In memory of all the persons who gave up their lives when the bridge collapsed."

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

broken off near a splice, and ribs bending. Meredith replied that he did "not think it serious." Driving rivets inside a chord (part of the framework) when the bridge began falling, Beauvais could neither see nor hear what was happening. When he felt the break, he wrapped his arms and legs around the chord. Beauvais escaped being crushed because the chord landed erect. Everything happened so quickly he didn't realize one foot and his nose had broken. Two of his rivet teammates perished; the other was off due to a leg injury. Meredith, 26, died.

Beauvais returned to construction, becoming a Dominion Bridge Company superintendent. The company supplied him with steel to erect a six-metre memorial cross at each end of Kahnawake and donated money for him to build a memorial steel portico in the cemetery where his workmates were interred.

Fifteen days' due wages were paid to the families of the dead and to injured survivors, with one bizarre complication. "A question arose in one case in which a man seemed to have committed bigamy and uncertainty arose as to who was the proper recipient of the money," James Macrae, inspector of Indian Agencies and Reserves, reported in a Department of Indian Affairs memorandum.

Macrae advised Kahnawake's band council to financially help only "widows and orphans in real need," otherwise claims for damages against the Phoenix Bridge Company "might be affected." He also advised against sending the victims' children to government-run Indian industrial schools (usually small, with one teacher for several grades) "because it could be construed by the company as a mitigation of damages."

In September 1908, Macrae, as guardian, accepted a $100,000 lump sum for the minor children of the victims from the Phoenix Bridge Company. In poignant December 1910 correspondence to the Indian Affairs department, lawyers for victim Thomas Deer's young widow pleaded for speedy payment of her 3-year-old son George's $300 allowance. She had tuberculosis, didn't expect to live through the winter and wanted assurance her son would get the money. In 1912, George's grandparents applied for $300 to build a house for themselves, saying it would be the boy's property. The department refused, stating the boy "is and will be away for some years attending school."

The compensation issue came up again in 1947, 30 years later, when some of Joseph Orite D'Aillaboust's children said they had received no benefits and charged that the government had kept their money "on deposit." The government responded, "Only younger children were helped." D'Aillaboust had had no insurance.

From government and other compensation the deeply religious widows donated money for a large crucifix behind the main altar of St. Francis Xavier Church in honour of the victims. Kahnawake's women insisted that never again should so many of the men work together on a single high-steel project. "The policy no longer is followed, but the disaster is always in the back of our minds," council member Two Rivers says.

Kahnawake skywalkers have worked on such famous projects as Montreal's Place Ville Marie, New York's Empire State Building, the United Nations Building in Manhattan and skyscrapers in Detroit and Boston. They helped remove victims from the entangled steel of the World Trade towers after the 9/11 attacks.

At a centennial commemoration next year the people of Kahnawake will unveil a monument in honour of the victims and their survivors.

Susan Goldenberg is the author of several books, including *Snatched! The Peculiar Kidnapping of Beer Tycoon John Labatt*, published by Dundurn Press.

Et Cetera

The Bridge at Québec by William D. Middleton. Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Indiana, 2001.

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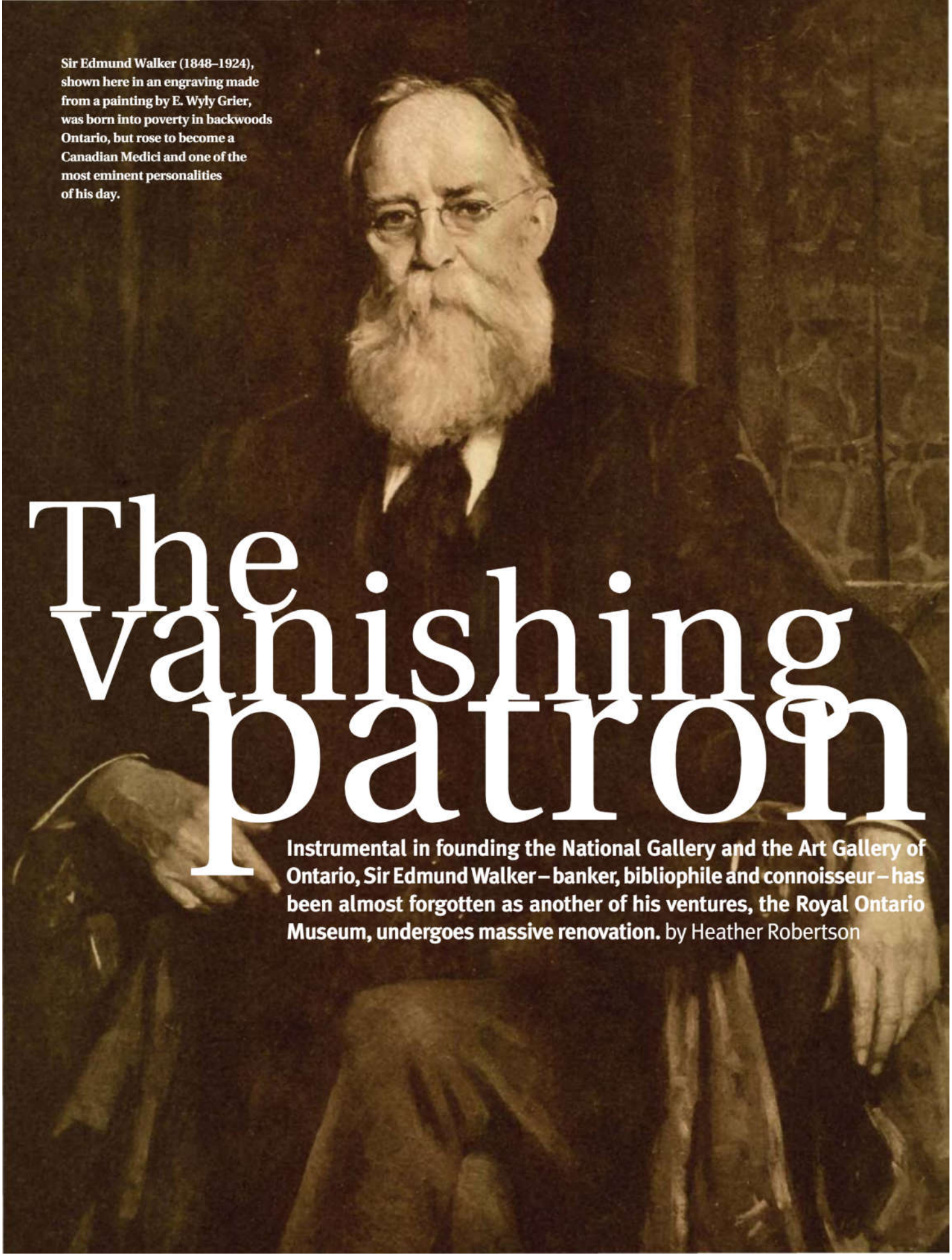


Sir Edmund Walker (1848–1924), shown here in an engraving made from a painting by E. Wyly Grier, was born into poverty in backwoods Ontario, but rose to become a Canadian Medici and one of the most eminent personalities of his day.

The vanishing patron

Instrumental in founding the National Gallery and the Art Gallery of Ontario, Sir Edmund Walker – banker, bibliophile and connoisseur – has been almost forgotten as another of his ventures, the Royal Ontario Museum, undergoes massive renovation. by Heather Robertson

One wall of the new Prince Takamado Japanese Gallery in Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum displays delicately coloured scenes of 18th-century Japanese life. Names of such sponsors as Honda, Toyota and Sony are emblazoned next to other exhibits, but there is no sign acknowledging that these prints are among more than 1,000 donated by the museum's founder and first patron, Sir Edmund Walker, to form the nucleus of what has become Canada's largest collection of Japanese art.

A bronze bust of Sir Edmund is tucked into a niche in the main floor rotunda. His shaggy head is tilted forward, his eyes downcast. He looks forlorn. During the years of his greatest influence, from 1900 until his death in 1924, Walker was renowned as Canada's Medici prince. A wealthy banker, he collected art for his own pleasure and for public enjoyment. In addition to the ROM, he was the catalyst in the creation of the Art Gallery of Ontario, National Gallery of Canada and the Champlain Society, publisher of historical documents. He championed innumerable cultural endeavours, including the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the Mendelssohn Choir and a reference library. Without Walker, Toronto could still be Hogtown, yet apart from the AGO's central Walker Court, now under renovation, his monumental achievements are unacknowledged.

Late in the 1880s, Byron Edmund Walker was the general manager of the Bank of Commerce, a struggling Ontario bank with its head office in Toronto. Dominated by church steeples, Toronto was a small city with a few Old Families dating to its colonial past, a New Money elite of financiers and manufacturers and a large working class. One critic called it the "most Philistine city in the world," a reference to Matthew Arnold's description in *Culture and Anarchy* of vulgar people "who give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich."

Walker was, in Arnold's words, an "alien" devoted to "sweetness and light." Banking was his business, and he was "sharp as a needle," but his passions were paleontology (his collection of more than 3,000 fossils became the ROM's first private donation), Canadian history, Robert Browning's poetry and the visual arts, from Old Masters to wall murals. Young Byron, tall and skeletally thin, with a high, pale forehead and luminous eyes, looked as aesthetic as his Romantic name; he took no interest in sports or games, hated tobacco and shunned "society." His favourite place was his summer home, Broadeaves, on Lake Simcoe, north of Toronto. He was not religious; he went to St. Andrew's Presbyterian church only to please his wife Mary. He summed up his spiritual belief in this statement: "I was taught that the truth regarding Nature was the divine thing, and that we must learn it as far as possible."

COURTESY OF CONRAD E. HEIDENREICH

Yet Walker was far from bohemian, and while some of his Japanese prints depicted brothels and courtesans they were not the erotic *shunga* prints favoured by other collectors. Ned and Minnie, as the Walkers affectionately called each other, lived with their seven children in a handsome, cluttered brick house, Long Garth, at 99 St. George St. near the University of Toronto, where Walker served as volunteer financial advisor, member of the board of governors and, briefly, chancellor.

Walker came from poverty. Born in 1848 in a log cabin on a backwoods Ontario homestead, his education ended at age 12 when he was put to work in his uncle's currency house in Hamilton. Frail health was the reason given, but it was likely that as the eldest son in his English immigrant family, he had to supplement the household income. Walker never forgot, or forgave, his lost opportunity to become a scholar and a teacher.

Counting exotic international bank notes, however, gave Walker a connoisseur's eye for paper and printing: one of his tasks was to detect counterfeits. When the Bank

THE THOMAS FISHER RARE BOOK LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edmund Walker in the 1860s.

of Commerce, which he joined in 1868, posted him to its New York City office from 1881 to 1886, he began to buy etchings from an Anglo-Canadian expatriate dealer, Frederick Keppel, among them works by Rembrandt, Dürer and Whistler. New York exposed Walker to the current trends – etchings were fashionable and cheap – and while he couldn't afford the Greek statues and European masterpieces American financiers were buying by the carload, he could enjoy them at New York's new Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Walker returned home convinced that Canada needed public galleries and museums worthy of a cosmopolitan country. "We are rich enough to bear the cost with ease," he said, "but we are not intelligent enough to see

our own interest in spending the money." His blunt words fell on stony political soil, but another American initiative, the "City Beautiful," a progressive movement intended to foster moral and civic virtue in urban populations through beautification and monumental grandeur, led to the creation of Toronto's Guild of Civic Art. A coalition of citizens and artists, with Walker as its spokesman, the guild tried to have the walls and ceilings of Toronto's new legislative building and city hall painted with Ontario historical scenes.

The Art Gallery of Ontario, then called the Art Museum of Toronto, opened in The Grange in 1918; the AGO celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1975 with an exhibition of etchings from the Walker collection.

Only one mural at city hall, painted for free by George Reid, was approved. Still, this alliance between patrons and painters, led by Walker and Reid, president of the Ontario Society of Artists, provided the impetus to create in 1900 the Art Museum of Toronto, later the Art Gallery of Ontario. Several Canadian artists, such as Paul Peel, Horatio Walker and Homer Watson, had been making names for themselves abroad, and art collecting was catching on in Toronto, although taste, including Walker's, ran to the murky, drab canvases of the Dutch and French Barbizon schools.

Walker's creative genius lay in persuading his rich friends to part with their money for the public good. Financiers E.B. Osler and Henry Pellatt and meat packer Joseph Flavelle were among those who seeded the art gallery with donations of $5,000; Walker contributed $1,000. Walker's great coup was to talk elderly Harriet Boulton Smith, wife of Toronto journalist curmudgeon Goldwin Smith, into bequeathing to the city for an art museum her Georgian mansion and surrounding park, The Grange. Harriet had inherited The Grange from her first husband, William Henry Boulton, a former mayor.

Another serendipitous liaison led to the formation of the Royal Ontario Museum. In 1902, Walker wrote to a young family friend, Charles Currelly, who was excavating in Egypt for British archaeologist Flinders Petrie: "I should certainly like to invest a little money in Egyptian antiquities, especially in glass, mosaic beads and scarabs." Currelly obliged, and the objects were so inexpensive Walker persuaded the University of Toronto to authorize Currelly to purchase Egyptian artifacts on its behalf. By 1909, Currelly had amassed such a spectacular hoard that the university, in partnership with the Ontario government, agreed that all its collections, including the natural sciences, required an appropriate new museum.

Walker shouldered the heavy responsibility for the museum's construction. It wasn't finished until 1914. During this time, Currelly, an impetuous enthusiast, ran up outrageous debts that Walker personally covered through the Bank of Commerce until he, and "a little *junta*" of his friends, as he called them, could pressure the government into paying the bills. Osler, Zebulon Lash and Sarah (Mrs. H.D.) Warren, among others, contributed thousands of dollars and had a wonderful time riding camels in Egypt, haggling with European dealers and returning in triumph with treasures.

"We bought the dumps," Walker said in a frank interview, "the interesting odds and ends neglected by the average buyer. We have bought priceless things for a

COURTESY OF CONRAD E. HEIDENREICH

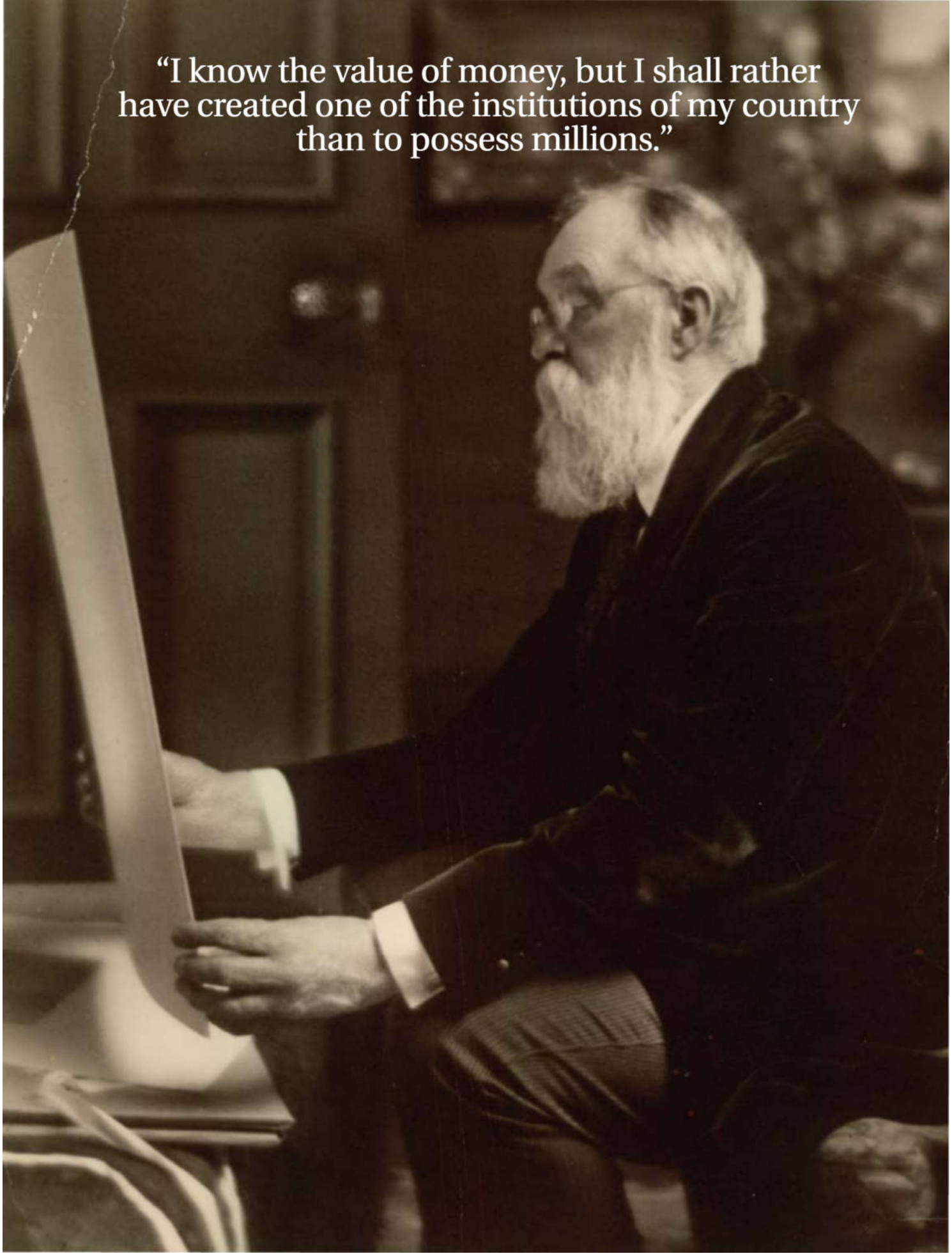
The University of Toronto was among Edmund Walker's chief beneficiaries. Following his campaign to raise funds to restore the main college building after an 1890 fire, he was asked to supervise the university's finances. In 1905–1906, he worked with Joseph Flavelle (centre) on the Royal Commission on the Administration of the University of Toronto. Walker (far right) considered the university "to be the most important institution in Canada apart from the government itself."

An artist's representation of the Royal Ontario Museum with the new futuristic Bloor Street entrance, scheduled for completion in late 2006.

MILLER HARE © ROM 2006

Lavishing Walker's labour with love

Sir Edmund Walker may languish in the public memory, but one of his great achievements, the Royal Ontario Museum, is undergoing a renaissance. In January 2006, in the first phase of a controversial multi-million dollar renovation scheduled for completion in 2008, the museum opened 10 new galleries to the public, devoted to the art and relics of Asian, early Canadian and Cypriot cultures. Also opened were five enhanced public spaces. The renovation is intended to reverse years of decline, increase traffic to the 92-year-old institution and return it to the heart of Toronto life. Scheduled for completion later this year is the jewel in the crown of the renovation – the Michael-Lee Chin Crystal, a futuristic glass-and-aluminum frame described as looking like a quartz nugget tumbling onto Bloor Street. Designed by architect Daniel Libeskind, one of the planners behind the new World Trade Centre complex in New York City, and named for the billionaire founder of Canadian mutual fund company AIC Ltd., the Crystal will contain the new entrance to the landmark building, six additional galleries, and a basement exhibition hall. In 2007–2008, galleries highlighting Canada's decorative arts and natural history are to open. By the end of the process, the ROM will have more than 300,000 square feet of new or renovated space – nearly seven football fields' worth – allowing the museum to almost double the collections on display. Last fall, plans to help cover construction costs by erecting luxury condominiums on the space occupied by the McLaughlin Planetarium were overturned at a public meeting. To see the renovation in progress on a live webcam and for other information on Renaissance ROM, visit ‹www.rom.on.ca/renaissance›.


"I know the value of money, but I shall rather
have created one of the institutions of my country
than to possess millions."

bagatelle by watching and waiting and getting hold of the right people. We were always poor."

Economy pleased the politicians, and in 1907 Walker joined the Advisory Arts Council of the National Gallery in Ottawa, a branch of the Public Works department. The "gallery" was a motley art collection stored in obscure places in Ottawa. Until director Eric Brown was hired in 1913, Walker and his two amateur colleagues, all political appointees, chose new acquisitions. Artists clamoured for their attention, but Walker tried not to impose his own taste. The gallery's purchases, he said, should be "a fair exposition of the condition of art in Canada." He was not a great fan of the Group of Seven, but he staunchly defended Brown's preference for their bold, raw oils. His greatest contribution came during World War I, when he persuaded Lord Beaverbrook at the British War Office to employ Canadian artists, including A.Y. Jackson, Fred Varley and David Milne, to sketch and paint the Allied battlefields.

These labours of love occupied the little time Walker could spare from his thriving bank. He was knighted in 1910 for his services to Canada's banking industry, but he saw both banks and museums as populist enterprises: where would the Bank of Commerce be without its customers? Walker spoke of his dream of establishing "a museum which should belong to the people, and should serve their best purposes." At the ROM, admission was free Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and streetcars brought visitors to the door. The National Gallery was the first institution in Canada to open on Sundays.

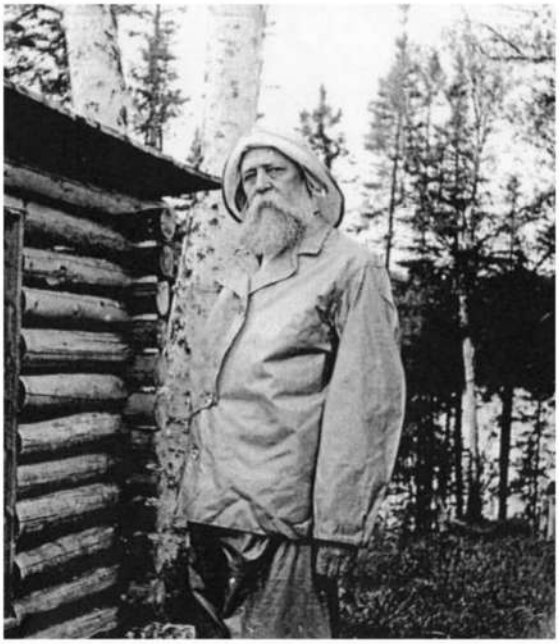
Sir Edmund ruled over his "public" cultural fiefdoms as autocratically as he did his bank, where he became president in 1907. Privately, he avoided artists, who tended to be "irritated," but maintained an international network of contacts among scientists, dealers and collectors. He took long trips to England, continental Europe and the Far East, and in his later years was Canada's honorary consul for Japan.

How could he manage so much? "He's not a man but a syndicate," quipped one friend. Walker compartmentalized his mind, focusing on one project at a time, and he took short, refreshing naps. He was brilliant at organizing lobby groups, coddling curators and persuading puritans that art was not the work of the devil. His delight in beauty was infectious, but as he aged he became an aloof, intimidating presence, his face concealed by a bramble bush of whiskers, and a cranky perfectionist who fussed over the quality of letter paper and floor linoleum.

"He could flare up, and was not halting in his opinions," said University of Toronto president Robert Falconer, whom Walker pestered with constant visits. "He was apt not to conceal his surprise at slow wits. He made enemies, and by many in business circles he was held in more respect than affection." Walker, like all patrons, was hated by artists he ignored, and by collecting for everyone he blurred the line between the public interest and his own. In 1921, Liberal MP Charles Murphy complained that the National Gallery was "a haven for the special pets of Sir Byron Walker, a place where genteel graft is handed out."

Murphy was a political enemy. In 1911 Walker had bolted from the Liberal Party to lead the victorious "No Truck Nor Trade With The Yankees" Conservative campaign against free trade with the United States. Walker became a British imperialist, a cause as unpopular with Canadians at the time of his death in 1924 as knighthoods, banks and patronage. The public was ready to run its own cultural business.

For all his drive and accomplishments, Walker was careless about his legacy. It may have been shyness. "I rather dread personal exploitation," he confessed to one journalist. But for a banker, he was incredibly disorganized. On his death at age 75, months after Mary died, the only inventory his family could find of his collection of art and antiques was an old shoebox of filing cards. Some paintings listed were missing and his books were not cat-



THE THOMAS FISHER RARE BOOK LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edmund Walker at his summer home Broadeaves, on Lake Simcoe, north of Toronto.

alogued. Walker's intention to donate his Japanese prints to the ROM had to be assumed from Currelly's assurances and an undated memo. In the absence of any instructions, his children generously gave his 400 etchings to the AGO.

The rest of Sir Edmund's estate was dispersed and the remnants sold at auction in 1927. His home, Long Garth, its vaulted library ceiling painted by George Reid, was sold to the University of Toronto and used as a women's residence. In 1969, the university demolished it to make a parking lot.

Heather Robertson writes from King City, Ontario. She found Sir Edmund Walker's archive in the University of Toronto's Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library across St. George St. from the Long Garth parking lot.

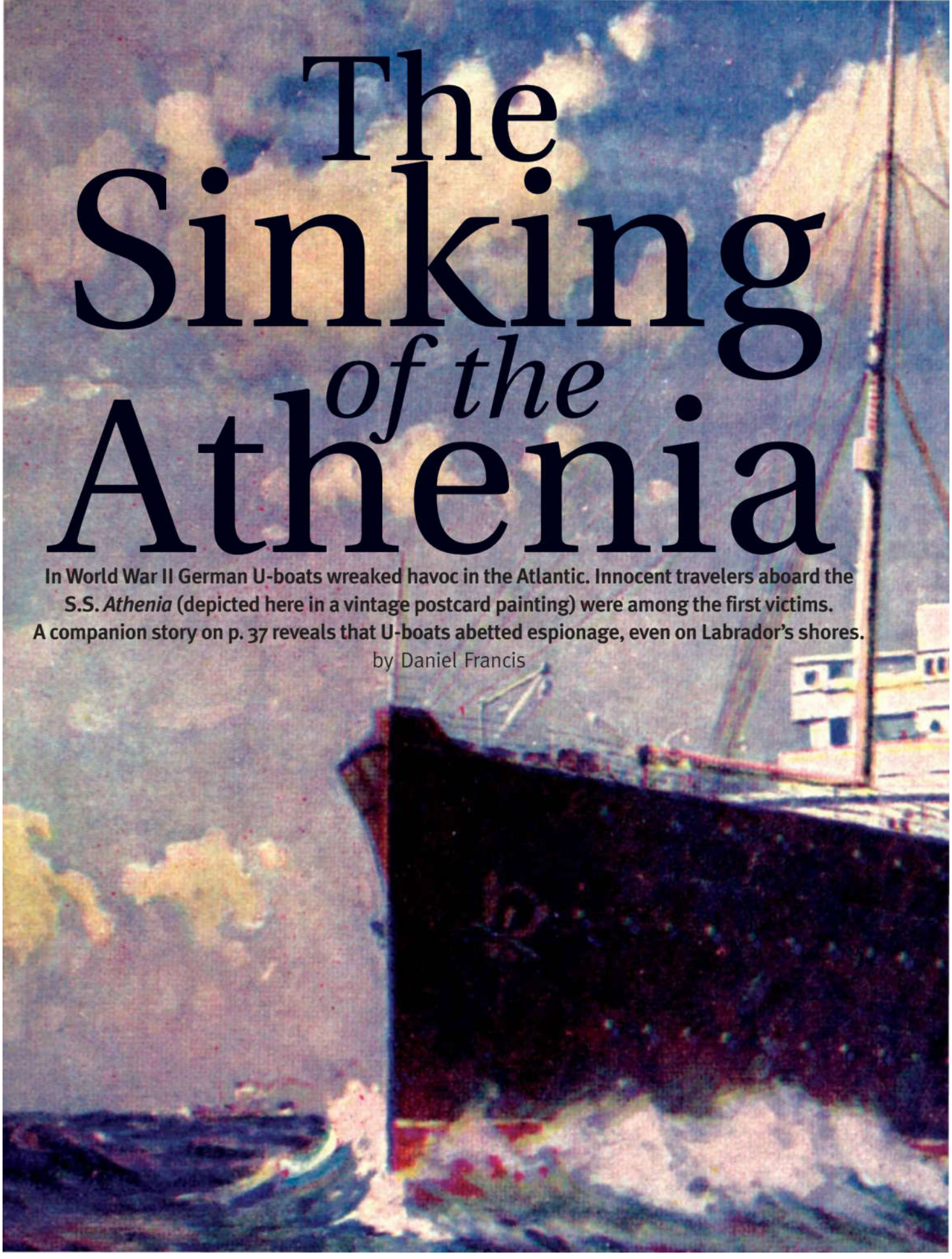
In 1911, Walker founded Appleby College, a boys' school in Oakville, Ont.

Walker's bank, the Commerce, now the CIBC, sponsors a lively Discovery Gallery at the ROM where children can dig for fossils in a sandbox, make Japanese paper crafts and have fun with many hands-on activities. (See website, rom.on.ca for images etc.)

As a boy, Walker began collecting invertebrate fossils in southwestern Ontario, an area that had once been an ancient ocean. He later described his prize specimens as "of the highest excellence and rarity." He added to his collection by buying fossils, for "a very large sum of money," in England, Europe and the United States.

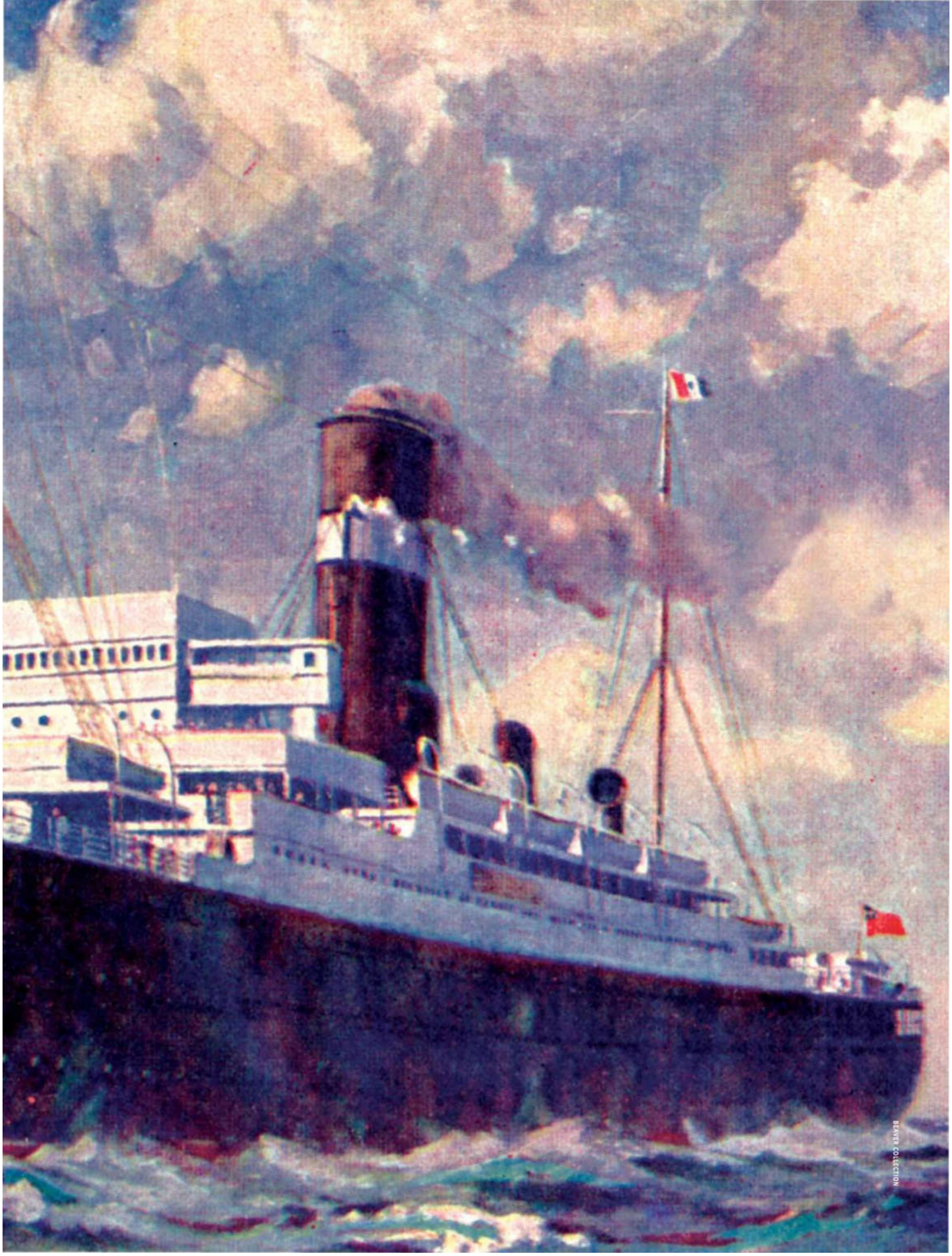
WALKER BY ASHLEY & CRIPPEN JUNE 10, 1933 / COURTESY OF CONRAD E. HEIDENREICH

The Sinking of the Athenia



In World War II German U-boats wreaked havoc in the Atlantic. Innocent travelers aboard the S.S. *Athenia* (depicted here in a vintage postcard painting) were among the first victims. A companion story on p. 37 reveals that U-boats abetted espionage, even on Labrador's shores.

by Daniel Francis


BEAVER COLLECTION

At the beginning of September 1939, as Great Britain moved toward war with Germany, the woman who would become my mother-in-law, Dorothy Dean, then 26, approached the most dreadful adventure of her life. Years later, after I had married her daughter and become a part of the family, Dorothy would entertain us with her stories. With characteristic British understatement, she had transformed her harrowing ordeal into a set of humorous anecdotes, featuring herself in the role of the plucky English girl prevailing over adversity with a joke and a smile.

COURTESY OF DANIEL FRANCIS

Dorothy Dean, the author's mother-in-law, on board the *Southern Cross* in Vancouver, July 1940. She stands next to Captain Rothman, who had been chief officer the previous year during the rescue.

Previous page: Postcard image of the *Athenia*, produced by Anchor-Donaldson Line, which operated weekly passenger service from Britain to Canada before World War II. Built in 1923 for trans-atlantic voyages, the *Athenia* was 164 metres long, 20 metres wide, and, weighed 13,465 tons.

At her death in 1998, Dorothy left behind a small archive of documents in a cardboard box. They included letters, yellowed newspaper clippings and magazine articles describing her wartime experience. Together, they convey a picture less suitable to dinner-table conversation, one that reveals more of the horror of Dorothy's war and less of the humour.

When Germany invaded Poland, and war became inevitable, Dorothy and her 58-year-old mother, Amy, were in England visiting friends and relatives. Their return was scheduled for a week hence, but Cunard found them a cabin on the liner *Athenia*, leaving Liverpool for Montreal the next day. That evening Dorothy and Amy boarded a train in Nottingham and arrived in Liverpool close to midnight. Dorothy lay awake all night listening to the tramp, tramp of soldiers on the move through the blacked-out streets outside their hotel.

The *Athenia* sailed late the next afternoon. It was the last passenger vessel to leave Europe before the outbreak of war. It was spilling over with several hundred more passengers than it usually accommodated, totaling 1,103. Of these, 469 were Canadian. The decks were also crowded with German and east European refugees. Crewmembers busied themselves boarding up windows and painting portholes black. About noon the next day, Sept. 3, as the ship made its way through heavy swells and Dorothy stood in line to present her passport at the purser's office, the announcement came. Britain had declared war. "So it had now come – after all the anxious hours; all the waiting, hoping and praying that some other way would be found," she later wrote.

Anxiety and depression pervaded the ship. Dorothy spent the afternoon with her mother in the lounge, napping and reading. Toward evening they moved out to the deck where they sat waiting to be called for dinner. Darkness was settling in. To avoid detection, the ship was running without lights. Passengers kept their spirits up by assuring one another that they were in no danger.

It was 7:30 p.m. The war was less than nine hours old and the *Athenia* about 400 kilometres west of Ireland when the first shot was fired in the Battle of the Atlantic. A torpedo hit the *Athenia*. The force of the explosion tossed Dorothy and Amy out of their chairs and up against the deck railing. "Never, never have I heard anything like it in my life before. The whole ship seemed to stand still, then from stem to stern, gave a horrible shudder." The vessel lurched to one side, throwing to the floor everything that wasn't nailed down. Then it righted itself and began to settle at the stern.

People screamed. Curiously, on such a crowded vessel, Dorothy's first impression was of being alone, abandoned. As passengers rushed past in panic, looking for friends and relatives, and crewmembers hurried to get lifeboats away, no one spared a moment to help her or tell her what to do. She stood in the middle of this swirl of activity and thought to herself: we are going to die. Then a friend arrived with a lifebelt and Dorothy realized she had to look after her mother, who seemed completely helpless.

The ropes that held their lifeboat tangled and were cut away with axes. The boat dropped into the water and as it rose and fell on the waves passengers shimmied down a rope into it. As she waited her turn Dorothy observed the horror around her. Parents cried out in several languages for missing children. A girl jumped from an upper deck and sank without a trace. A steward appeared carrying another girl, unconscious and bleeding from a head wound. "It is beyond all imagination to put down on paper the frightfulness of those terrible minutes waiting for that lifeboat."

Somehow Dorothy got herself and Amy down the rope and into the lifeboat. As it smacked against the side of the *Athenia* someone tossed a baby down. Dorothy caught it. The infant was wearing a torn sleeper streaked with blood; Dorothy held the baby for the next nine hours except when she was bailing or taking a turn at the oars. Once the lifeboat was full the steward in charge ordered it away. Two children in the boat begged the officer not to leave their mother, but the last Dorothy saw of the woman she was hanging from a rope alongside the *Athenia*, watching her children disappear into the night.

There were about 50 people in the boat, mostly women and children, and a half-dozen members of the crew. Every able-bodied person took a turn at the oars. The first urgency was to get away from the ship, which everyone believed was moments from sinking. Once at a safe distance they lit a lamp and some flares. "The sea was black and shiny and a faint breeze was blowing. We began to spot various lifeboats dotted here and there, their bright red flares lighting up the darkness in a strange and eerie fashion." The two children whose mother had been left behind, Jewish refugees from Austria, spent the entire night bailing. "Two wonderful children, not once did they complain."

Not long after fleeing the ship, the lifeboat's passengers were terrified to hear a low rumble from below and feel their vessel scrape across something in the water. It was the submarine, prowling near the surface to get a look at what it had done. The passengers expected it to attack, but it slipped away.

For hours they rowed aimlessly. The rolling swell left almost everyone seasick. Passengers retched over the side. "We tried to sing and we prayed. Rain came and it was cold." They didn't want to get close to another boat for fear the people in it would need their bailer, an oar or some flares. "That is something I will never be able to understand, how in a great crisis when the opportunity to help someone arises, the instinct for self-preservation is so great that no one else matters as long as 'your boat' stays afloat." Of course, someone else did matter: Dorothy's mother slumped beside her in a daze. All through the night Dorothy slapped Amy's face, rubbed her hands and spoke to her to keep her conscious. Later, her mother remembered almost nothing.

Around midnight the first rescue vessel arrived. It was the Norwegian freighter *Knute Nelson*. The people in Dorothy's boat saw the lights in the distance and tried to reach them, but they were exhausted and wind and current worked against them. They gave up in frustration. Lucky for them.

Andrew Allan, later a mainstay of radio drama at the CBC, was on his way to Canada aboard the *Athenia* with his elderly father and his fiancée, stage and film actress Judith Evelyn (perhaps best known for her role as Miss Lonelyheart in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window*). They were in one of the boats that got close to the *Knute Nelson*. Years later Allan recalled what happened. Just as the lifeboat rounded its stern, the ship, which had been lying quiet while it took on survivors, started its engine in order to move off to search for other lifeboats. The huge propeller turned, sucking the boat in and smashing it to pieces. Allan, at the back of the boat, watched his father at the front swept into the propeller's froth, red with blood. Allan swam to a large piece of wreckage to which he clung for the rest of the night as, one by one, others weakened and dropped away into the icy water. Early the next morning, Allan, his fiancée, and four others who remained of the 86 occupants of the shattered lifeboat were picked up by a British destroyer.

In her account, my mother-in-law described how, just as the passengers aboard her lifeboat gave up their attempt to reach the freighter, they heard cries from that direction and saw pieces of wreckage drifting past, some with people clinging. It was at this point that Dorothy endured the worst moments of her ordeal and faced the guilt experienced by so many survivors.

"This was terrible. Horrible slippery upturned boats with people sitting on the top, sliding off the sides. People in the water clutching at each other, faintly calling for help. Calling, 'We're over here, don't leave us. Help.' From the light of the moon we could see faint figures moving about in the inky water, trying to make for our boat. We rowed harder, anything to keep from being upturned ourselves, all the while those awful cries ringing in our ears. We could not help them – our boat was overloaded as it was. That is the terrible part of it all – the callous people we became with no feeling at all."

As Dorothy sank into despair, expecting the worsening seas to capsize the boat, the scene was suddenly illuminated by huge searchlights. The *Southern Cross*, a private yacht belonging to Swedish industrialist Axel Wenner-Gren, had responded to the *Athenia*'s distress call and was

Left and below: Rescuing *Athenia*'s passengers. Several ships, including HMS *Electra* and S.S. *City Of Flint*, raced to the site of the attack. The destroyer HMS *Fame* was sent on an anti-submarine sweep of the area, while *Electra*, another destroyer, HMS *Escort*, the Swedish yacht *Southern Cross*, the Norwegian cargo ship *Knute Nelson* and the *City of Flint* rescued the survivors. Among them, about 980 passengers and crew were rescued.

The Battle of the Atlantic:

At the outbreak of World War II, British naval strategy was primarily concerned with defence of the British Isles from invasion and protecting the passage of essential supplies from North America. With a heavy shipbuilding program in place, Great Britain's initial naval fleet amounted to 12 battleships and battle cruisers, 6 aircraft carriers, 35 fleet cruisers and 38 submarines. Under the Treaty of Versailles, the peace settlement signed after World War I, the German navy's capacity had been restricted, but after Germany repudiated the treaty a new agreement in 1935 authorized it to greatly increase its fleet of U-boats. Hitler supported a program to build 250 U-boats, but when the war began in September 1939, only 56 were completed. Still, this gravely outnumbered the British submarines.

The English term U-boat comes from the German term for submarine *U-Boot*, an abbreviation of *Unterseeboot*, meaning "undersea boat." Ships carrying supplies to Europe from North America were the primary targets of the U-boat campaigns in World War II, as they had been in World War I.

U-boat warfare was at the forefront of early World War II activities. The German navy realized that merchant fleets sailing from North America to Britain were highly susceptible to attack. About midway across the Atlantic merchant ships would become open targets, with no aerial cover and little naval support. With the largest fleet of submarines, Germany had the advantage. Such was the threat that after the war, Winston Churchill reflected: "The only thing that really frightened me during the war was the U-boat peril."

Germany's best hope of defeating the Allies lay in preventing merchant ships from carrying food, raw materials, troops and equipment from North America to Britain. If Germany had succeeded in its aims, the outcome of World War II may have been drastically differ-

Merchant Vessels and Royal Canadian Navy Ships Sunk or Damaged by German U-Boats in the St. Lawrence, 1942 to 1944

When German submarine *U-533*, lying in ambush 13 kilometres off Gaspé Peninsula, torpedoed British freighter *Nicoya* and Dutch freighter *Leto* during the night of May 11-12, 1942, Canadians woke up to the threat of war within their own territory – an event not experienced since the War of 1812. By November, seven U-boats had penetrated the St. Lawrence Gulf and River, reaching as far upriver as Rimouski, some 300 kilometres east of Quebec City. In these waters, they sank 19 merchant ships and two naval escorts. U-boat attacks fueled the conscription debate in the House of Commons and forced the War Cabinet on Sept. 9, 1942 to close the St. Lawrence to all Allied shipping except the coastal trade. As a result, freight normally shipped to the ports of Montreal and Quebec City was sent instead to Halifax, by rail. U-boats continued to patrol Canadian waters until the end of the war.

World War II

ent. For instance, the Allies in Europe would not have had access to American-built tanks and vehicles for combat.

U-boat warfare in World War II started with a bang – literally. Two days after Germany invaded Poland, Britain declared war on Sept. 3, 1939. The same day, the British liner S.S *Athenia* was torpedoed by a German U-boat, marking the beginning of the Battle of the Atlantic. It is believed that the German U-boat *U-30*, under the command of Fritz-Julius Lemp, mistook the *Athenia* for an armed merchant cruiser. When the passenger ship was about 400 kilometres west of Ireland, its hull was struck by a torpedo. The *Athenia* was sunk, despite the fact that all U-boats were to be operating under prize rules, which obliged the Germans to stop and search potential targets. If a ship was found to be carrying enemy cargo, it could be sunk, yet only after the crew had been transferred into lifeboats. Since the sinking of the *Athenia* blatantly violated the rules of war, Hitler ordered evidence of it suppressed and denied involvement. Despite this, U-boats began to wage unrestricted warfare by November 1939.

In the summer of 1940, after German occupation of Norway and France, the U-boat menace grew as the German navy had greater range to patrol the Atlantic. Ports in the U.K. became increasingly vulnerable. From bases in France and Norway, the German submarine fleet launched devastating attacks against overseas shipping. As a result, the British had to divert shipping and provide convoys with naval escorts for greater stretches of the journey to North America.

Canada was a major participant in the Battle of the Atlantic. The Royal Canadian Navy grew substantially, eventually taking a major role fighting in the North Atlantic. Beginning in May 1941, Canada took the lead in building a new naval base at St. Johns, Nfld. (at the time still a British colony). Canada supplied most of the warships that escorted convoys between Newfoundland and the British Isles.

U-boat positioning ranged as far as the east coast of South America, the west and southern coasts of Africa, north of Iceland and throughout the mid-Atlantic. The Allies prevailed by developing a number of aggressive strategies and technologies. Advances in convoy tactics, high-frequency direction finding radar, sonar, depth charges, intelligence gathering (including code breaking) and increased escort coverage of the "mid-Atlantic gap" aided resistance against the U-boats. The Battle of the Atlantic was one of the longest campaigns of World War II and among the most costly. Between 75,000 and 85,000 Allied merchant and naval crew lost their lives.

aiding the *Knute Nelson* in the rescue. As the lifeboat heaved on the waves, Dorothy, her mother and the others were hauled on board with ropes. They found half-frozen survivors lying in the passageways, on the staircases and along the outside decks. The Wenner-Grens rescued 376 people. Dorothy and her mother were directed to the yacht's salon where they found space under the grand piano and received hot soup and cheese sandwiches.

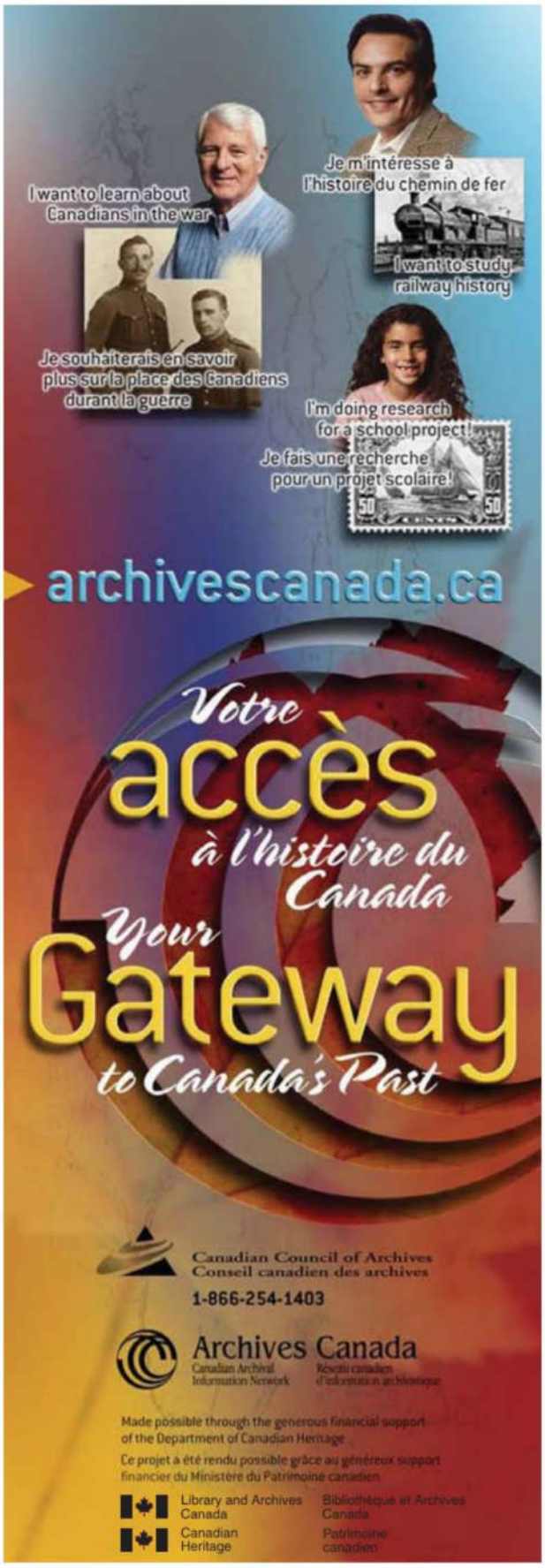
It was 4:30 in the morning. They had been in the lifeboat for nine hours. But Dorothy went to work helping bring warmth to the women who had been adrift, some wearing only nightclothes. Many survivors were coated with fuel oil that had spilled into the sea when the torpedo ruptured *Athenia*'s fuel tanks. At mid-morning Dorothy went on deck and saw the bulk of the ship wallowing. Ten minutes later a crewmember came into the salon and announced that the stricken ship had stood on its stern and gone down. Dorothy was engaged to be married and had shopped in Europe for a trousseau. She had many wedding gifts with her as well. Now, except for the clothes she wore, everything she owned was at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Word circulated among the survivors on the *Southern Cross* that they would have to return to England aboard a trio of destroyers that arrived on the scene. Dorothy, who had immigrated to Canada in 1924 at age 12, had deep roots in Vancouver. Her fiancé was waiting for her to return. She knew that if she returned to England she might never find the courage to go to sea again. Her luck held. An American freighter, the *City of Flint*, offered to take survivors to Canada. At noon on Sept. 4, Dorothy and her mother made the transfer and continued their voyage.

Rescue meant neither safety nor comfort. "The first night on board, I thought I'd die." A fierce storm swept down on the *City of Flint*, which rocked horribly in the crashing waves. "All night long the rescued kept getting up and walking about all clothed in their lifebelts. No one slept. Women hysterical. It was awful." The only consolation was that if the storm had arrived the night before, everyone in the lifeboats would have perished.

The *Flint* had 250 passengers instead of its usual 30. There were only three bathrooms. Water was severely rationed. Dorothy slept in her clothes in a coal bunker on a piece of canvas. "Everyone was so jittery that if anyone slammed a door a woman screamed." She kept herself busy running a shipboard "newspaper" for the rescued. "I took down the news from the radio in the Chief Engineer's quarters, typed it out and posted it on the bulletin boards."

On Sept. 12, the day before the *Flint* arrived at Halifax, Dorothy wrote her first letter home. For her family, it was the first news of her since the *Athenia* went down. "Well, I'm still perking along," it began. Six days later, as Dorothy and her mother made their way across Canada by train, the letter appeared on the front page of the *Vancouver News-Herald* under the headline: "Vancouver Girl Tells Horrors of *Athenia* Disaster."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In all, 112 people lost their lives in the *Athenia* sinking, 93 of them passengers. There were more than 300 Americans on board, hurrying home before war trapped them in Europe. Of these, 28 died. Fearful of arousing American public opinion and perhaps drawing the U.S. into the war, the Germans denied involvement. They falsified naval records and even put forth the theory that the British had sunk their own vessel to lure the Americans into supporting Britain in war. Hitler was furious, aware that the unprovoked attack on an unarmed vessel could become a flashpoint for anti-German sentiment, just as the sinking of the *Lusitania* had been in World War I. Nobody believed the German denials, but the *Athenia* tragedy did not mobilize the U.S. It would be two years before another surprise attack on the other side of the world called the U.S. to action.

In Vancouver, Dorothy settled back into her life and her job in the mortgage loan department of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company. The following summer Axel Wenner-Gren and his wife arrived in British Columbia to cruise the coast in the *Southern Cross*. The six survivors of the *Athenia* who lived in Vancouver were invited aboard for tea. Mrs. Wenner-Gren greeted Dorothy warmly. They recalled the moment that Dorothy had been hauled out of the lifeboat onto the deck of the *Cross*, Mrs. Wenner-Gren exclaiming, "She must be English, my God she's smiling."

It took the Cunard Line 20 years to compensate Dorothy for what she lost. She used the money to take two of her children on a holiday to England in 1959. They travelled by sea.

Daniel Francis is a history writer living in North Vancouver. His latest book, *L.D.: Mayor Louis Taylor and the Rise of Vancouver*, won the 2004 City of Vancouver Book Award.

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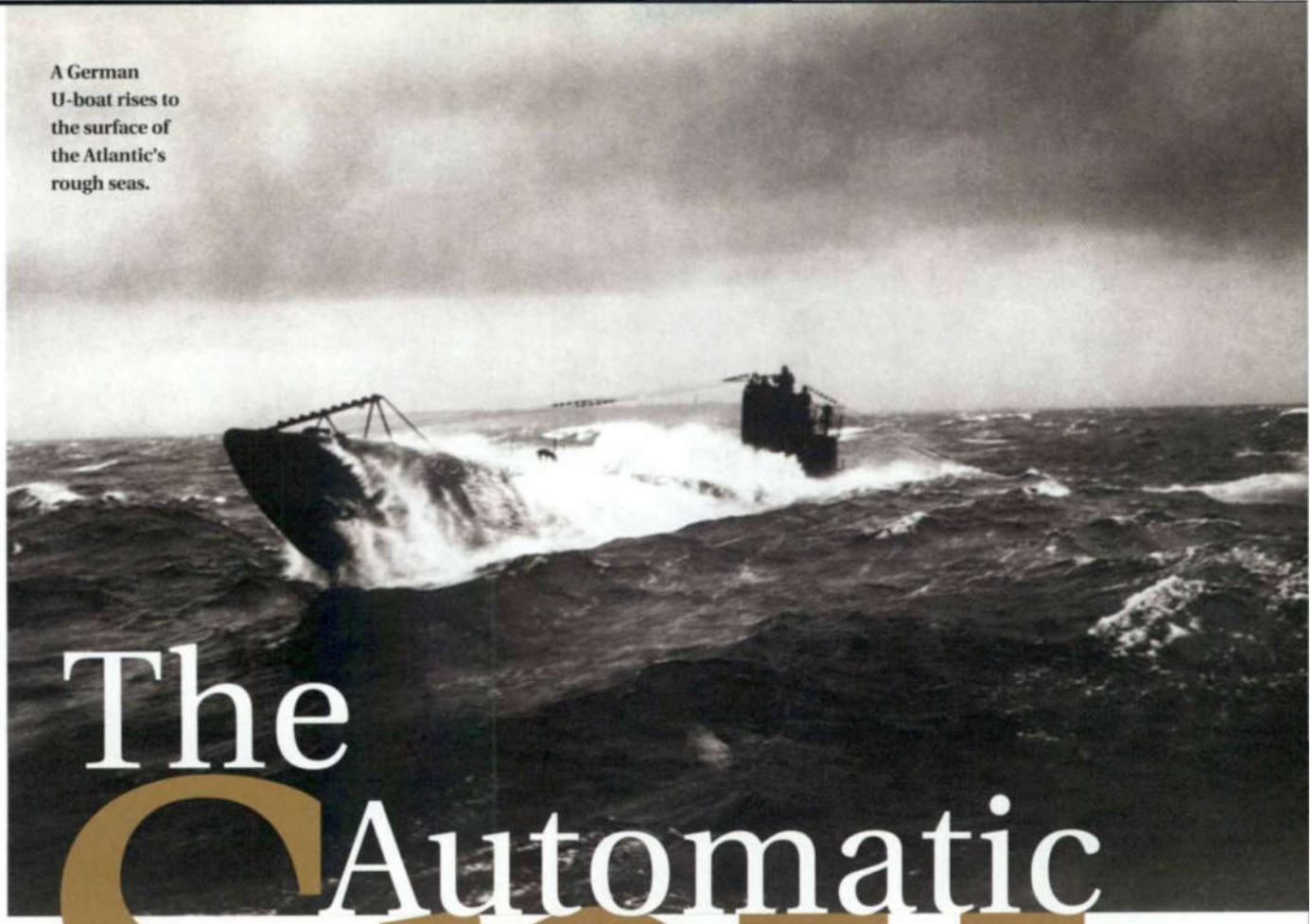


A German U-boat rises to the surface of the Atlantic's rough seas.

The Automatic Spy

An unusual German contraption served as weatherman on North American soil during World War II. In the 1980s, its rusty remains were found on the coast of Labrador. by André Pelchat

Two of the lesser-known battles of World War II occurred in May 1942 and October 1944, when packs of German U-boats led extensive raids in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean near the Canadian coast. The U-boats sunk ships and wrought havoc in order to disrupt convoys bringing supplies to Great Britain from Canada.

In 1942, fishermen near Gaspé saw a U-boat recharging its batteries in Canadian waters; in July that same year, a convoy sailing for England was attacked and the *Frederika Lensen* sunk by a torpedo. On Oct. 14, 1944 the Canadian frigate HMCS *Magog* was torpedoed less than 320 kilometres from Quebec City. Altogether, 24 commercial ships and four Canadian

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Weather station "Kurt" was brought to Ottawa and is now on display at the Canadian War Museum.

warships were sunk in and around the Gulf. That these events have been overlooked in Canadian war history is likely connected to the government's diligent suppression of such potentially demoralizing information – a silence maintained until the end of the war.

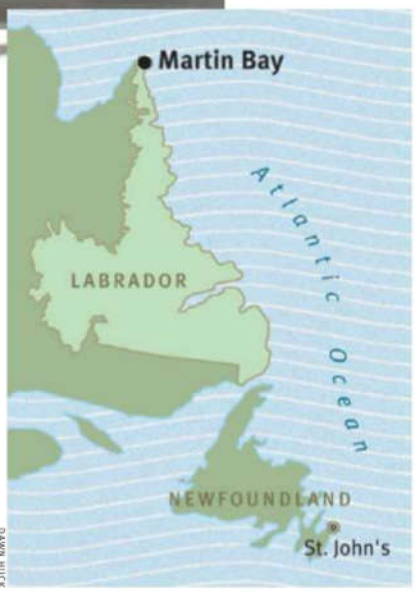
The Germans needed precise nautical maps, accurate intelligence on sea traffic and reliable weather information to use their U-boats to full advantage. Weather reporting played an important role in German military strategy. Before the onset of the war, much information had been obtained through conventional spying techniques. A man known as Father Schultze, a self-styled missionary among the Inuit, vanished suddenly at the beginning of the conflict. While it was never determined how Schultze left the country, it was discovered that he had been keeping precise records of weather patterns and local topography. He is one of many suspected German spies who had been gathering information while on Canadian soil.

In 1943, an unusual mission took place, one that marks a leap in the history of espionage: the beginning of the era of the automated spy, the ancestor to today's spy satellites.

In September 1943, the submarine *U-537* left Kiel for Bergen, Norway, under the command of Captain Peter Schrewe. On board was a specialist in meteorological experiments, Dr. Kurt Sommermeyer from the German weather service, along with two assistants. The crew hauled a number of metal canisters aboard, storing them in the torpedo compartment. They were not informed about the nature of the mission until they were at sea.

From Bergen they sailed to Lorient, France, then across the Atlantic Ocean toward Labrador. Their mission was part of a much larger plan of the German Admiralty. The canisters contained an entirely automated weather station made by the Siemens company and designed by engineers Ernest Ploetze and Edwin Schloebe. In all, 21 such stations were to be installed around the world: 14 in Arctic areas, five around the Barents Sea and two in North America.

The WFL-26 (Wetterfunkgeraet-Land) – code named "Kurt" – consisted of a set of meteorological instruments, a 150-watt short-wave transmitter, an antenna mast and nickel-cadmium and dry-cell batteries. It was packaged in 10 cylinders approximately 1x1.5 metres in diameter, each weighing approximately 100 kilograms. The cylinder with the instrument units contained a 10-metre tall antenna mast with an anemometer and wind vane.



DAWN HUCK

The Germans placed their weather station at Martin Bay, on the northern tip of Labrador.

In case somebody stumbled upon the machine, it was boldly marked as being from a Canadian weather service which didn't actually exist. Once installed, a state-of-the-art contact drum known as "Graw's diaphragm" would transcribe the observed values for temperature, humidity, air pressure, wind speed and wind direction into Morse symbols. The machine would gather this data and transmit it to Germany in shortwave bursts of three minutes, a pace chosen to conserve power and avoid detection. Kurt would broadcast the coded signal on 3940 kHz at three-hour intervals to receiving stations in Europe. The technology was innovative and can be considered the precursor to today's robots, such as *Mars Lander* and *Huygens*, which broadcast information to earth from distant planets.

Those aboard *U-537* were given commands to land in an isolated spot along the Labrador coast and install the machine. The choice of site seems to have been left largely to Captain Schrewe, in consultation with Dr. Sommermeyer and his assistants. To keep Kurt concealed, Schrewe decided to place it as far north as possible.

On Oct. 22, 1942, *U-537* anchored at Martin Bay on the northern tip of Labrador, and a reconnaisance party went ashore in an inflatable watercraft. They selected the summit of a 213-metre hill, located 366 metres inland. Quickly, the crew began carrying the equipment, including 220 canisters and a tripod, to the top. They assembled the WFL-26 within a day. Empty American cigarette packages and a match folder were left as red herrings.

After the mission was completed the crew boarded *U-537* and hovered near the coast for a day to make sure it was working. First transmissions were delayed by three minutes, but otherwise Kurt worked perfectly except for a few occasions when intense jamming was reported. As it turned out, the source of the jamming was a German station.

Kurt was not discovered for almost 40 years.

On Dec. 8, 1942, *U-537* arrived back at its base in Lorient, France. Mission accomplished … or, perhaps not. Kurt, for reasons unknown, ceased to transmit a few days later. In 1944, *U-867* went to sea carrying an automated weather station on a similar mission to Canada, but was sunk en route by RAF airplanes.

That same year, the first ship, *U-537*, was sunk in the sea of Java near Surabaya.

The abandoned weather station at Martin Bay remained a well-kept secret. In the late 1970s, Franz Selinger, a retired engineer, began research into the history of the German weather service. He found information about Kurt among Dr. Sommermeyer's papers. With the help of Dr. Sommermeyer's son, among others, he identified the coast of Labrador as the location of one of the weather stations.

In 1980, Selinger contacted W.A.B. Douglas, official historian of the Canadian Armed Forces. Douglas had never heard about the German weather station, but with the help of the Canadian Coast Guard, the weather-battered remains of Kurt were located at Martin Bay. Some parts were missing, but the canisters, tripod and batteries were still there. Today, the pieces of this ahead-of-its-time machine are housed in the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa.

André Pelchat is a writer and community worker living in L'Avenir, Quebec.

Et Cetera

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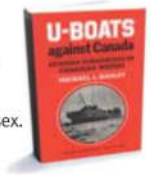

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The Explorers' Garden

In the dead of a typical Canadian winter, a rose by any other name than Explorer would not be as hardy. by Jennifer Nault

Illustration of Frontenac and Martin Frobisher roses.

Illustration by Josée Morin

Several rose species are native to Canada, yet explorers and settlers began bringing new varieties as early as the 1600s. Many different types of roses are grown today, but the country's northern climate poses difficulties. Most Canadian rose lovers have three options: move to southern British Columbia, cover the bushes extremely well each autumn or grow hardy roses.

The Explorer series is a set of hardy rose varieties developed by Agriculture and Agri-Food Canada to survive Canada's harsh climate. Requiring minimal care and spraying, most can survive temperatures as low as –35°C when covered by natural snowfall. They are disease resistant, repeatedly flower throughout the summer, require only minimal pruning, are environmentally friendly and are available in a range of colours and sizes.

In 1886, the Canadian government established a system of experimental farms and began a program of breeding and testing hardy roses. Hardy rose breeding by Agriculture and Agri-Food Canada has mainly operated at the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa (and later at L'Assomption, Quebec). Dr. William Saunders, the first director of the Central Experimental Farm, made a number of crosses between hardy shrub roses. Following Saunders, Isabella Preston continued to breed them from 1920 to the 1940s. She released about 20 hardy shrub roses, of which only a few are grown today.

The rose breeding program was suspended following Preston's retirement, but was revived in the 1960s under Dr. Felicitas Svejda, who initiated the Explorer series of hardy shrub roses. The Explorer roses fall into two categories. Although some owe their genes to several species, most are either simple or complex hybrids of two classes of roses. The first, *Rosa rugosa*, introduced to North America from Asia, has three key advantages over other roses: it is very cold hardy, it grows on its own roots and it is salt-tolerant. The other, *Rosa kordesii*, a unique cross that was released in 1952, combines the hardiness of *Rosa rugosa* with the large flowers of garden roses.

Dr. Svejda chose to name the roses she was cultivating after Canadian explorers, hoping they would prove as tough and versatile as their namesakes. However, the last of the series can only be tangentially linked to the theme of exploration. Names such as William Booth (founder of the Salvation Army) and Frère Marie-Victorin (a Canadian monk) loosely relate. Then, there are two from the series (Nicolas and Royal Edward) sporting such generic appellations that we at *The Beaver* are hedging our bets. (We gratefully welcome our readers' feedback regarding this mystery.) Still, the Explorer rose series continues to live up to Dr. Svejda's original intent, trailblazing their way to gardens around the world.

AGRICULTURE AND AGRI-FOOD CANADA

Martin Frobisher

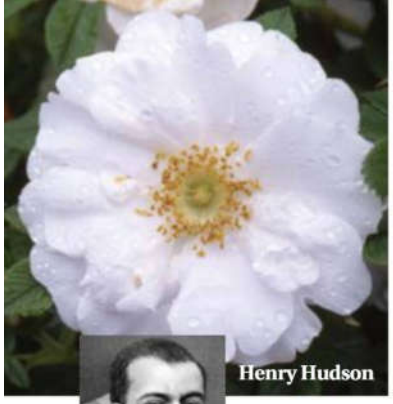
Martin Frobisher (Released 1968) A very hardy, vigorous, upright rose that suckers freely, flowers well and is relatively disease-free. The blush-pink blooms are semi-double and slightly fragrant, but the bush habit is very open and sparse.

Martin Frobisher (1539–1594) led three voyages in the 1570s searching for a Northwest Passage to Asia. He discovered Resolution Island, which he claimed for England, and Frobisher Bay. On his third trip in 1578, Frobisher led 15 ships up the Hudson Strait and set up a temporary mining settlement near what is now known as Frobisher Bay.

Jens Munk

Jens Munk (Released 1974) A rugosa hybrid with an upright arching form. The blooms are semi-double, medium-pink and fragrant. It flowers freely in June, has an excellent flush in the fall and some bloom in-between. It may get some mildew, but still is one of the hardiest Explorers and one of the best rugosas.

Jens Munk (1576–1628) was a Danish explorer who tried to find a Northwest Passage through Hudson Bay in 1619. At this time, only the southern portion was known as "Hudson Bay." Munk's account of the bay is the first to treat the inland sea as a whole, and his map the first on which the whole of the bay is depicted. Only he and two others out of a crew of 64 survived the winter there.



Henry Hudson

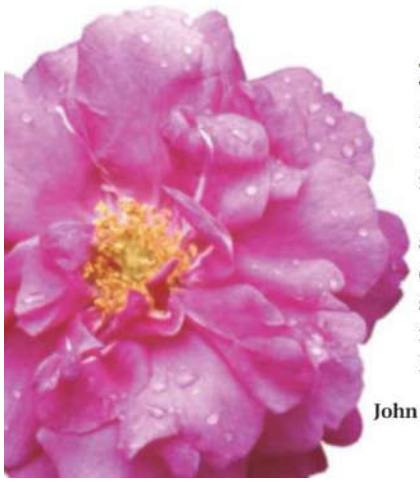
Henry Hudson (Released 1976) A dense, relatively low-growing rugosa hybrid with good foliage. The pink buds open to semi-double white flowers. There are masses of bloom, but they don't drop cleanly.

Henry Hudson (1570–1611) failed to find a polar route to Asia on his first two voyages (in 1607 and 1608), discovering the mouth of the Hudson River instead. In 1610 he sailed through Hudson Strait into James Bay and opened a sea route to North America's interior. After a hard winter, his crew mutinied and set him, his son and seven others adrift – to a certain, quick demise.

John Cabot

John Cabot (Released 1978) A very thorny, large-arching kordesii hybrid that can be used as a climber. The double flowers are dark orchid-pink. John Cabot has two main flushes of bloom and repeats much better if grown in full sun and fed well.

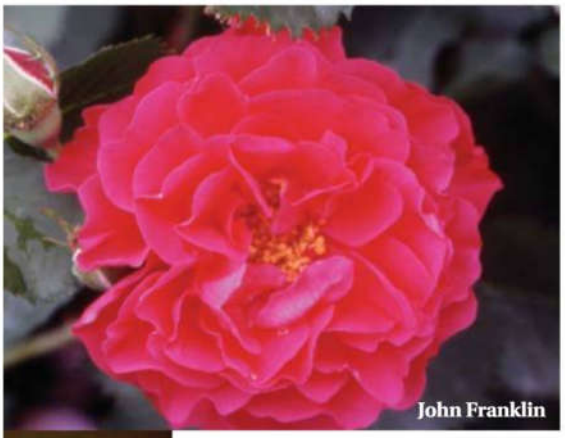
John Cabot (1450–1498) was a Venetian explorer and navigator whose English-backed voyages were the basis of Britain's claim to Canada. He is the first-known European to land in North America. Cabot is thought to have landed at either Cape Breton Island, Labrador or Newfoundland in 1497, marking the beginning of British colonization of the New World.



David Thompson (Released 1979) A rugosa hybrid that forms a large, round shrub. The blooms are semi-double, deep mauve-pink with some white streaks toward the centre. The flowers lack form, but repeat bloom is excellent.

David Thompson (1770–1857) was an English-born Canadian fur trader, explorer and surveyor. Working for the Hudson's Bay Company at 14, he was the first to make full maps of the western territory. He found the Columbia River, a trade-route connection from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Thompson also charted the boundary between Canada and the U.S. from the St. Lawrence River to Lake of the Woods.

John Cabot



John Franklin

John Franklin (Released 1980) A small shrub with dark foliage and continuous bloom. The flowers are semi-double with dark-red frilly petals. Very susceptible to blackspot and more tender than most Explorers.

John Franklin (1786–1847) was an English explorer who made three trips to the Arctic in search of the Northwest Passage. The parties produced excellent maps on the first two voyages, with more than 880 kilometres of new coastline mapped on the first. Franklin disappeared on the third voyage, sailing into Lancaster Sound and vanishing. It was later discovered that he and his crew perished off King William Island.

Champlain

Champlain (Released 1982) A small shrub that shows its Floribunda heritage in its masses of bloom. The semi-double flowers are deep red and repeat profusely all season. It is one of the most popular Explorers but also one of the least hardy, often killing to the ground in severe winters. It also gets mildew.

Samuel de Champlain (1567–1635) is considered the father of New France. This explorer mapped much of northeastern North America, founding the first settlement of Quebec City in 1608. Champlain headed the settlement until the English attacked and took it over in July 1629. Champlain returned to France, but returned as the governor of Quebec City after a French–British peace treaty in 1632. He died three years later.

Charles Albanel

Charles Albanel (Released 1982) A low growing, very hardy rugosa hybrid with deep-pink, double, fragrant flowers that repeat very well. An excellent short shrub.

Charles Albanel (1616–1696) was a Jesuit priest and missionary. In 1649, he arrived at Tadoussac, Quebec. When the Hudson's Bay Company was just beginning operations, he led a party that went by the Saguenay River, Mistassini Lake and the Rupert River to Hudson Bay claiming the region for France. After returning to Canada in 1676, he served at missions in western Canada before he died at Sault Saint Marie.

William Baffin

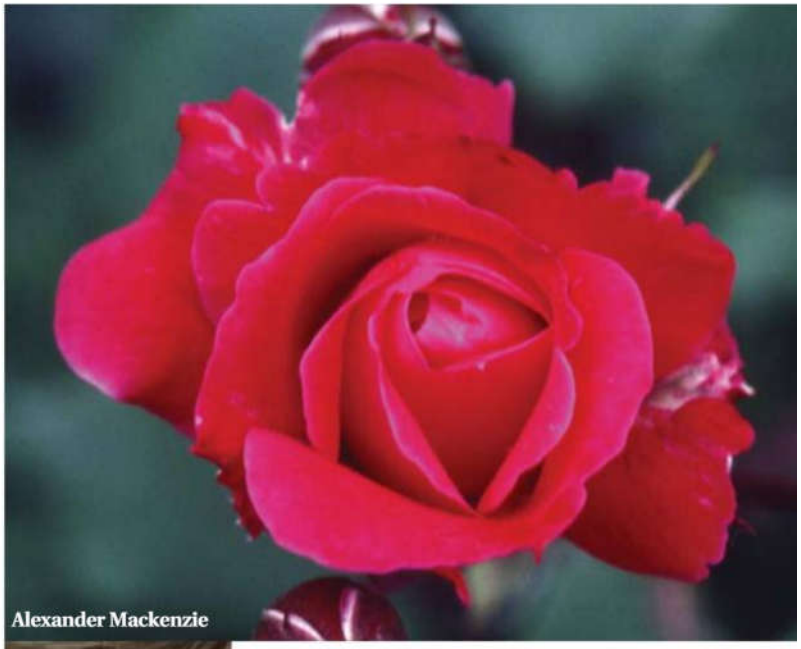
William Baffin (Released 1983) The most vigorous and one of the hardiest Explorers. Its upright form allows it to be used as a climber or a dense shrub, but it must be well fed to perform at its best. The semi-double, bright-pink blooms are produced prolifically all season.

William Baffin (1584–1622) was an English navigator who explored the northern coast of the Canadian Arctic's largest island in 1616. Baffin was sent on two expeditions in search of the Northwest Passage. The first expedition (1615) vainly tried to find a channel in Hudson Bay north of Southampton Island. The second went northwest through Davis Strait, leading to the exploration of today's Baffin Bay and Baffin Island.

Henry Kelsey (Released 1984) A kordesii hybrid with semi-double, dark-red flowers with showy yellow stamens. It blooms prolifically, but the lower leaves may blackspot. Although one of the few dark-red climbers, this rose has hardiness problems in the coldest areas.

Henry Kelsey (1667–1724) joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1684 and was its first inland explorer and fur trader. He was involved in some of the earliest discoveries of the interior of northern North America. He extended the Hudson's Bay Company's trade to the Saskatchewan River and opened up the Prairies.

Henry Kelsey


Alexander Mackenzie

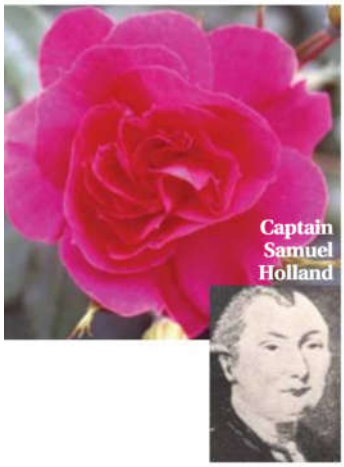
Alexander Mackenzie (Released l985) A vigorous arching shrub with soft-red, fragrant blooms and healthy foliage, except for a little blackspot on the lower leaves. It is relatively hardy but may suffer some dieback in very cold areas. While it is a lovely rose, it only has two flushes of bloom.

Alexander Mackenzie (1764–1820) was a Scottish-born fur trader and explorer. In 1789, working for the North West Company, Mackenzie followed what is now known as the Mackenzie River. He'd hoped that it would lead to the Pacific Ocean, but instead found that it flowed into the Arctic Ocean. He eventually did reach the Pacific in 1793.

John Davis

John Davis (Released 1986) A vigorous arching plant with healthy foliage that can be used as a climber if well fed. The medium-pink, lightly fragrant flowers repeat all season. The plant can survive temperatures of –35°C with no damage. John Davis is considered one of the most important Explorer roses.

John Davis (1550–1605) was an English navigator and explorer who conducted three Arctic expeditions in an attempt to find the Northwest Passage. Along the way, he charted the coasts of Greenland, Baffin Island and Labrador. He discovered the strait, now named for him, between Canada and Greenland in 1587. In 1592, he discovered the Falkland Islands.



Captain Samuel Holland

Captain Samuel Holland (Released 1992) A vigorous kordesii hybrid with long, arching shoots that can be used as a pillar or climber. The clusters of deep-pink flowers open flat. The plant is extremely healthy, hardy and repeats well.

Captain Samuel Holland (1728–1801) left his native Holland to join the British army. A Royal Engineer, he was appointed surveyor-general of Quebec and northern North America, carrying out the first surveys of Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton. Holland's survey of Prince Edward Island divided the island into a series of townships to prepare for a feudal land system.

Frontenac

Frontenac (Released 1992) This compact shrub has semi-double, medium-pink flowers with white at the base of the petals. Frontenac is very floriferous, healthy, hardy and makes an excellent small specimen.

Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac (1622–1698) was made governor general of New France in 1672 and again in 1689. He helped to expand the French fur trade and is noted as a prime instigator of French expansion in North America. He also defended New France against attacks by the Iroquois Confederacy and the English colonies.

Louis Jolliet

Louis Jolliet (Released 1992) A large shrub with long, thorny canes. The plant blooms profusely and the double, deep-pink decorative flowers appear in clusters along the stems. Plant growth seems a bit slower than other Explorers, but it is very hardy.

Louis Jolliet (1645–1700) was born in Quebec and left the priesthood to become a fur trader. He was sent in 1672 to explore the Mississippi River, which was then only known through second-hand accounts. Jolliet entered the Mississippi and followed it to the mouth of the Arkansas, verifying that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico and not into the Pacific Ocean.

Simon Fraser

Simon Fraser (Released 1992) A small, sprawling shrub with glossy leaves and salmon-pink flowers. Often a young bush produces single flowers, but as the plant matures the flowers grow several more petals. Seems prone to mildew and blackspot.

Simon Fraser (1776–1862) was an American-born fur trader and explorer. He joined the North West Company in 1792, and was sent in 1805 to the Rocky Mountains, where he established several fur-trading posts in present-day British Columbia. In 1808 he explored the treacherous Fraser River, mistakenly believing it to be the Columbia River.

George Vancouver

George Vancouver (Released 1994) A semi-double, decorative dark-red bloom that becomes pink with age and repeats well all season.

George Vancouver (1757– 1798) was an English navigator who accompanied Captain James Cook on his second and third voyages, and later took command of a naval expedition exploring the coasts of Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii (1791–1792). Vancouver later charted much of the west coast of North America between southern Alaska and California.

Quadra

Quadra (Released 1995) A velvety red rose with very double blooms. They have a light fragrance, bloom in clusters and repeat well all season. The plant is disease-free, hardy and can be used as a climber.

Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra (1743–1794) was a South American navigator born in Lima, Peru. He won a high rank in the Spanish navy, explored the coasts of California and constructed a special chart of them. As the Spanish commissioner, he negotiated with George Vancouver for the return of Nootka (on Vancouver Island) to British hands.

Marie-Victorin (Released 1998) The buds and newly opened flowers are pale peach, which is an unusual colour in a hardy rose.

Frère Marie-Victorin (1885–1944) was a brother in the Écoles chrétiennes community, a botanist and a teacher who devoted his life to the study and classification of North-American plants. He was professor of botany at the University of Montreal and took part in the founding of the Montreal Botanical Garden.

Marie-Victorin

William Booth

William Booth (Released 1999) The last rose in the Explorer series. The single, red flowers have white eyes and repeat well. The bush is quite vigorous and can be used as a pillar.

William Booth (1829–1912) was an English revivalist preacher, who was concerned with the physical and spiritual needs of those to whom he preached. Booth founded the Salvation Army in 1865.

A writer and editor, Jennifer Nault has recently moved to Winnipeg to ply her trade at *The Beaver*. Some of the information presented on the Explorer roses courtesy of the Canadian Rose Society, with particular thanks to Ethel Freeman. Additional information available at www.canadianrosesociety.org.

Five More Explorer Roses

J.P. Connell (Released 1987)

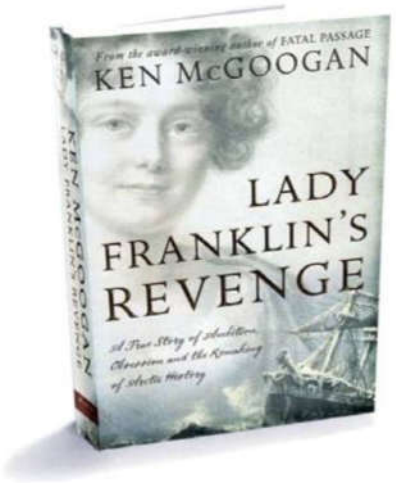
Lambert Closse (Released 1995)

Royal Edward (Released 1995)

Nicolas (Released 1996)

De Montarville (Released 1997)

Reviews



IMAGINED PASSAGES

Lady Franklin's Revenge:
A True Story of Ambition, Obsession, and the Remaking of Arctic History
by Ken McGoogan
HarperCollins, 2005
384 pp., $36.95 hardcover

One of the underdeveloped themes surrounding the disaster that befell the third Franklin Arctic expedition of 1845 has been the role of Franklin's second wife, Lady Jane. Ken McGoogan's latest book, *Lady Franklin's Revenge*, attempts to revise the historical interpretation of Lady Franklin's role in history. Although well-paced and a good read it does not present a balanced or historically defensible portrayal of Jane and will probably fail to convince the informed reader or professional historian due to an obvious bias and lack of supporting documentation.

In *Fatal Passage*, McGoogan's earlier biography of Dr. John Rae, Lady Jane was characterized as a "clever, connected, and conniving" wife and a "relentless, ambitious busybody." It is interesting to see how little his characterization of her has changed as he plows the same furrow from a different direction. In *Lady Franklin's Revenge* McGoogan portrays as the centerpiece of her life Jane's campaign to enshrine her late husband as the heroic discoverer of the Northwest Passage. In this retelling, Lady Franklin systematically manipulated the powerful men and institutions of her day to alter the course of history by obscuring the accomplishments of others and artificially inflating those of her dear, departed husband.

The first 11 chapters present the events of Jane's early life, although in a more readable form than Frances J. Woodward's earlier biography, *Portrait of Jane: A Life of Lady Franklin*. The longest section explores "The Battle for Tasmania," clearly detailing the couple's six-year ordeal at the mercy of corrupt and Machiavellian political foes. This period offers McGoogan the juiciest vignettes and quotes, uniformly from biased enemies, to support his portrayal of Sir John as an "imbecile in petticoats" and Lady Jane as an intelligent and manipulative schemer. The final third of the book essentially repeats, with more detail, the central thesis of *Fatal Passage*, that Franklin was given far too much credit. As a biography of Jane the facts are all here, although filtered through the author's barely concealed hostility to his subject.

McGoogan's background as a journalist and novelist is occasionally revealed by his descent into speculative or sensationalistic themes. He suggests on very slim grounds that Jane was unfaithful to her husband and posits that Jane may have had a lesbian relationship with her constant companion, Sophy Cracroft. These titillating irrelevancies will not endear him to professional historians.

Also disturbing is McGoogan's use of novelistic technique to present uncorroborated conversations and internal soliloquies of his characters. McGoogan is clearly protective of his method, stating in an interview that, "the non-fiction writer can use imagination and craft to bridge gaps in the record." *Lady Franklin's Revenge* starts with Jane mentally reviewing her actions and motivations while watching the dedication of a statue to her husband. This creative approach would have had more impact if McGoogan had referred to Jane's own writings for evidence. Invented scenes have had a long historical pedigree since Herodotus, but have lost favour in modern scholarship. As Lady Franklin's unpublished journals and letters run to over 200 volumes, it seems that evidence of her feelings and motivation should have been unambiguously available in her own voice.

Any author who wishes to pose a serious challenge to the historical record must meticulously document the evidence, and offer reasoned and dispassionate analysis, free of overt bias. In this regard, *Lady Franklin's Revenge* is unconvincing – the bibliography is disproportionately populated by recent secondary sources, the notes fail to illuminate and do not indicate provenance, and the appendices add little. Presumably, none of this will disqualify the author among the general readers for whom the book is intended.

In *Lady Franklin's Revenge* McGoogan's largely one-dimensional characterization of his subject is necessary to his revisionist viewpoint and thesis, but does little justice to the remarkable and complex woman revealed in Jane's preserved writings.

Reviewed by **David Woodman**, a professional mariner living in Prince Rupert, B.C. He is the author of two books about the third Franklin expedition, *Unravelling the Franklin Mystery* and *Strangers Among Us*, both published by McGill-Queens University Press.

THEY SPY WITH THEIR LITTLE EYE

How the Cold War Began: The Gouzenko Affair and the Hunt for Soviet Spies
by Amy Knight
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2005
358 pp., $36.99 hardcover

Amy Knight's *How the Cold War Began* is the long-awaited definitive work on Igor Gouzenko, the obscure cipher clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa who defected to Canada on the night of Sept. 5, 1945 with 250 documents in his possession. This book will please both scholars and interested readers. As a Russian and Soviet specialist, Knight has drawn her research from unique Soviet materials, as well as Canadian and American sources, the latter obtained under access-to-information legislation. Reading like a spy thriller, yet intricately woven and authoritative, this book fills in the troublesome blanks and omissions found in the work of many other researchers.

The documents Gouzenko walked off with deeply incriminated the Soviets and proved they had been spying on their North American World War II allies since 1942. They had, in fact, stolen the secrets of the atomic bomb.

Gouzenko's defection divided Canadians into those on the right who cried "Communist invasion" and those on the left who cried "foul" over human rights; this separation continues today. In Canada a royal commission was appointed, and in February 1946, 13 mostly Canadian "spies" were arrested. Seven served prison sentences. As Knight writes, "For one brief moment, the Communist trials would place Canada at the centre of world politics. For [the West], this was the moment when the Cold War began."

Gouzenko's defection released both the forces of darkness and the forces of light in Ottawa, Washington and London. All three Western nations were shocked by the Soviet menace such espionage implied. Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King does not emerge as a hero; he belongs solidly with the forces of darkness. He disbelieved Gouzenko's tales of espionage and wanted to return him to the Soviets, largely for fear of disturbing what he felt was a good relationship with "Generalissimo Stalin." The RCMP belonged to the same camp, largely thanks to its immaturity and inability to distinguish between Marxist thinking and Communist Party membership.

The results were disastrous in two specific instances. First, the RCMP fed dated, inaccurate and incriminating information to the FBI, which led to the 1957 suicide of Herbert Norman, one of Canada's most effective diplomats. Second, it failed to evaluate correctly Gouzenko's repeated references to and concern about a Soviet agent, codenamed "Elli," who was operating in British intelligence. In Knight's opinion, this was the notorious spy of the century, Kim Philby.

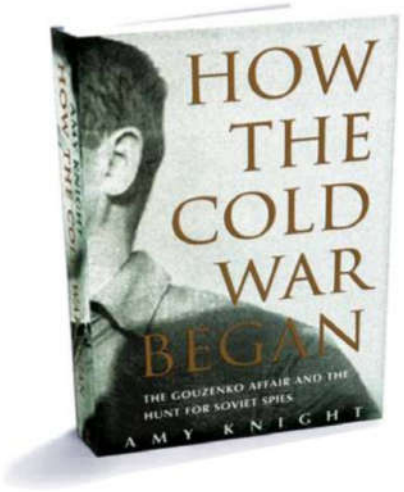
The forces of light included Undersecretary of State Norman Robertson, the British Security Coordination director in New York, William Stephenson, (born and raised in Winnipeg) and Britain's MI6 New York liaison with the Americans, Peter Dwyer. Robertson headed off his prime minister's inane attempt to return Gouzenko to the Soviets, while Stephenson magically appeared in Ottawa to support him. Finally, Dwyer, well aware of Gouzenko's importance, relayed messages from Ottawa by way of the British secure link through, of all people, Philby himself in MI6 in London. The information was then selectively sent to MI5, which failed to follow through and thus catch Philby.

Knight breaks new ground with her portrayal of the real life of Igor Gouzenko, including his work as a writer and artist, and with Soviet reactions to his defection. Many readers will recall Gouzenko's television appearances with a pillowcase over his head and his cryptic warnings of a looming World War III with the Soviets. This undoubtedly helped create the climate of fear that led to McCarthyism. But Knight also shows a man "obsessed with his place in history." He frequently sued those he believed were impugning him, and his relationship with the RCMP and the federal government was always precarious. His actions not only damaged Soviet plans for world domination, they caused his family in Russia great hardship, culminating in the death of his mother during interrogation.

Knight is perhaps at her best in describing the American reaction to the defector's oft-repeated testimony. Here the forces of darkness triumphed, beginning with the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover and continuing with the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which together whipped up the forces of McCarthyism. By illustrating how "labelling is easier than proving guilt when innocent people are accused of spying," she brings us right up to date with the war on terrorism.

My one criticism of this book is that it avoids dealing with the impact of Gouzenko on Canada. However, it is an accurate and penetrating analysis of a sensational and divisive period in Canadian history.

Reviewed by **Peter St. John**, a senior scholar at the University of Manitoba and specialist in international relations and terrorism.



Reviews

THE STEFANSSON ENIGMA

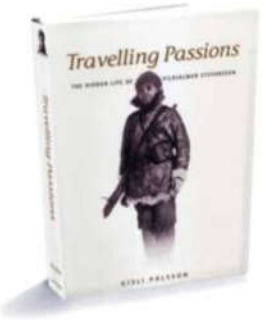
Travelling Passions: The Hidden Life of Vilhjalmur Stefansson
by Gísli Pálsson
University of Manitoba Press, 2005
374 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

The Making of an Explorer: George Hubert Wilkins and the Canadian Arctic Expedition 1913–1916
by Stuart E. Jenness
McGill-Queen's University Press, 2004
418 pp., illus., $49.95 hardcover

They haunt us still, those brave, brilliant, vainglorious, cruel, foolhardy European and North American explorers who ventured into the icy wastes of what is now the Canadian Arctic. These two books fuel the continuing controversy over one of them – early 20th-century explorer and anthropologist Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Gísli Pálsson, an Icelandic anthropologist, investigates Stefansson's relationships with women, especially his Inuit "country wife," Pannigabluk. Stuart E. Jenness uses the diaries and photographs of one of Stefansson's colleagues, Australian George Hubert Wilkins, to give detailed, often acerbic, insights into the conduct of all members of Stefansson's 1913–1916 Arctic expedition.

The key issue with Stefansson's reputation is honesty, and he does not fare well in either of these portraits. Pálsson states bluntly that recent genetic research proves Stefansson's sensational claim to have discovered "blond Eskimos," descendants of Norse migrants, was wrong, and with little effort he tracks down the Inuit family Stefansson fathered but pretended did not exist. Pálsson's interviews with Stefansson's unacknowledged grandchildren, hurt, mystified and angry even in their old age, are the highlight of *Travelling Passions*, and their memories of their father, Alex Stefansson, and grandmother, Pannigabluk, open a window into Inuit culture at the Mackenzie River delta 100 years ago. Pannigabluk, strong-minded and self-supporting, may not have wanted to join Vilhjalmur in New York City, had he asked, but then he may have feared that his tall, strapping "seamstress" would steal his show.

Photographs of Pannigabluk and Alex in *Travelling Passions* were taken by G.H. Wilkins, official photographer with the Arctic expedition. But Jenness's biography of Wilkins, *The Making of an Explorer*, is not, as I had expected, a book of photographs. Most of Wilkins's camera equipment was left behind on the flagship *Karluk* when it became trapped in the ice,



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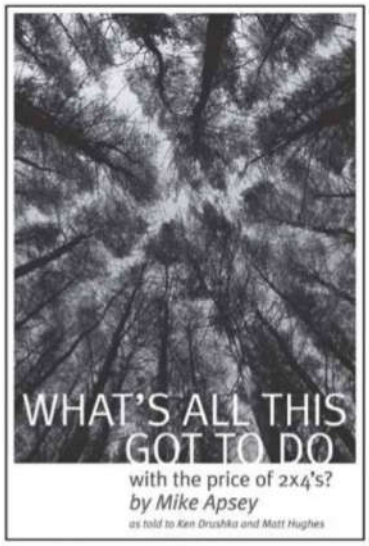

ISBN 1-55238-188-9
346 pp, softcover
b&w photographs $34.95 CDN

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as told to Ken Drushka and Matt Hughes**

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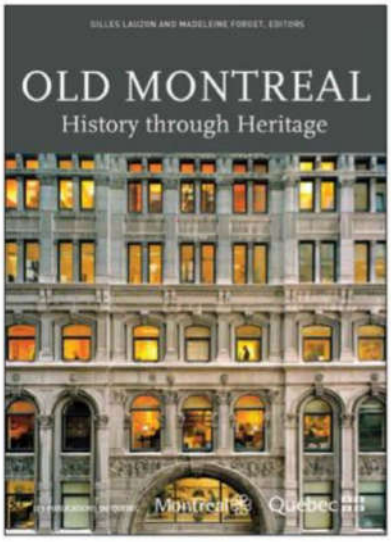

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and he suffered chronic loss and breakage with the cameras and film he could obtain. At best, his skills were marginal and his photos amateurish. Facing failure, Wilkins invented a new role as Stefansson's indispensable factotum. He organized a support network of ships, sleds, base camps and imported provisions that enabled Stefansson to trek off across the ice in search of new land.

Drawn from Wilkins's extensive diaries, *The Making of an Explorer* documents the arrival in the Arctic of the Age of Technology: gasoline engines, kerosene stoves, canned "pemmican," dried fruit and vegetables, Winchester rifles and, for dancing Inuit, a gramophone. Stefansson bought everything he wanted, including Inuit guides and hunters, with limitless Canadian taxpayers' cash. Wilkins, like everyone, thought Stefansson "had an ego of such fragility that he could tolerate no questioning of his instructions, authority, actions or knowledge." Wilkins survived, but his diaries note several deaths, including a cook's suicide. The wreck of the *Karluk*, which Stefansson was accused of deserting, cost 11 lives.

Wilkins travelled for three years with the Inuit, among them an engaging young hunter, Natkusiak, but his perceptions of his Inuit companions, as well as Stefansson's ragtag crew, remained peripheral to his own egocentricity. Wilkins, a callow, priggish young man of 25 when this journey began, went on to become Sir Hubert Wilkins, a daredevil adventurer who in 1931 proposed to navigate the Northwest Passage by submarine.

Did Wilkins remember too vividly sledding across dangerous Arctic ice through darkness, fog and blizzards? In *The Making of an Explorer*, the minute details of his long, repetitive trips become tedious, and Jenness relates Wilkins's exciting adventures with an

Inuit shaman and Natkusiak's abducted wife in the same flat, clopping tone. Jenness has chosen the raw material for his story from the diaries, but he shies away from giving it perspective, interpretation and drama.

Travelling Passions explores too many detours in Stefansson's love life: Pálsson buries Pannigabluk's story within an irrelevant youthful romance that petered out, an affair with a forgotten novelist, a late-life marriage. He adds an interesting Icelandic perspective – Stefansson was born in Manitoba to Icelandic immigrant parents who moved to North Dakota two years later – but, like Jenness, he nervously skirts the itchy question: was Stefansson a fraud, coward, megalomaniac, deadbeat dad or Great Man? Let's hear from the Inuit, women first.

Reviewed by **Heather Robertson**, a writer from King City, Ontario. She is currently working on a book about Canadian explorer and geographer J.B. Tyrrell.

MORE BOOKS

The Mad Bomber of Parliament
by James Fontana
Borealis Press, Ottawa, 2005
237 pp., illus., $24.95 paper

Paul Chartier might have been Canada's Guy Fawkes, if he hadn't blown himself up. On May 18, 1966, the 45-year-old, mentally disturbed Chartier entered the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa with a pipe bomb concealed in his jacket, breezed by what passed for security in those days and headed for the Public Gallery. Timing was his challenge. He had to light the fuse in a secluded place then race to the gallery to lob the bomb into the chamber of the House of Commons. He miscalculated. Chartier was found in pieces in the men's toilet. Drawing on historical documents and firsthand accounts, and incorporating what's called "conscientious reconstruction" (fictional technique), James Fontana has produced a vivid tale of the thwarted life of a would-be mass murderer and of the only time in Canadian history when the House of Commons was temporarily suspended. Chartier's own words are recorded – he left pages of angry rationale in his Hull hotel – and, gruesomely, the book includes photos of his shattered body.

Bear Child: The Life and Times of Jerry Potts
by Rodger D. Touchie
Heritage House, Victoria, 2005
236 pp., illus., $19.95 paper

To survive in the brutal Canadian Northwest of the late 19th century, you had to be a fighter. Jerry Potts, a.k.a. *Ký-yo-kosi* (Bear Child), scout, guide and interpreter, of mixed Blood and Scots parentage, was a fighter. Bridging two cultures, he was a hero to the Blackfoot Confederacy, with whom he fought against the Plains Cree and Assiniboine, and an invaluable addition to the North-West Mounted Police who hired him to guide them in the unfamiliar territory they were charged with policing. By educating each about the other, Potts played a critical role in the peaceful settlement of the West, though history's footnotes have often been his lot. Rodger D. Touchie takes Potts out of postscript to illuminate both the outsized character of this undersized man and the rapidly changing cultural environment in which he lived. It's a satisfying addition to the story of Canada's western heritage.

The Women of Beaver Hall: Canadian Modernist Painters
by Evelyn Walters
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2005
191 pp., illus., $60 hardcover

While the Group of Seven established itself in the 1920s as Ontario's, and eventually Canada's, most recognized artist collective, in Quebec a number of painters similarly dedicated to the struggle against the Victorian tastes of the day was emerging. Located at Beaver Hall Hill in Montreal, the Beaver Hall Group, unlike the male-dominated Group of Seven, was open to both men and women. But it was the women who evoked the most press attention when the group held its first exhibition in 1921, the women who, in a man's world, faded from view by mid-century and the women who in these more equitable times excite the most attention. With more than 65 colour plates, this book illustrates the exceptional work of the Beaver Hall women, while author Evelyn Waters has trawled archives, old catalogues and newspapers to document their distinctive lives. Only one of the 10 wed – either career or marriage, not both, was the hard choice of the day for women – but they left a legacy that for art aficionados, and perhaps one day for the public at large, rivals the Group of Seven.

The Dynamite Fiend: The Chilling Story of Alexander Keith Jr., Nova Scotian Spy, Con Artist and International Terrorist
by Ann Larabee
Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 2005
256 pp., $29.95 hardcover

There was Alexander Keith, the prosperous 19th-century Halifax brewer, whose suds we still sip today. Then there was his nephew Alexander – "Sandy" – who had something darker brewing inside of him. A secret agent for the Confederacy, a devious bomber responsible for the gunpowder explosion that rocked Halifax Harbour in 1857, Keith graduated to bigger scams and schemes culminating in a giant explosion in 1875 at Germany's Bremerhaven dock that killed 80 people, earning him the epithet "mass murderer." Today's description would be "terrorist." Author Ann Larabee has scoured the archives of four countries to uncover the true story of hidden identity, technological obsession and unparalleled lust for power and profit of one of the world's most devious criminals. Those who like a good yarn will like it a lot.

Christopher Moore

The Company's New Adventure

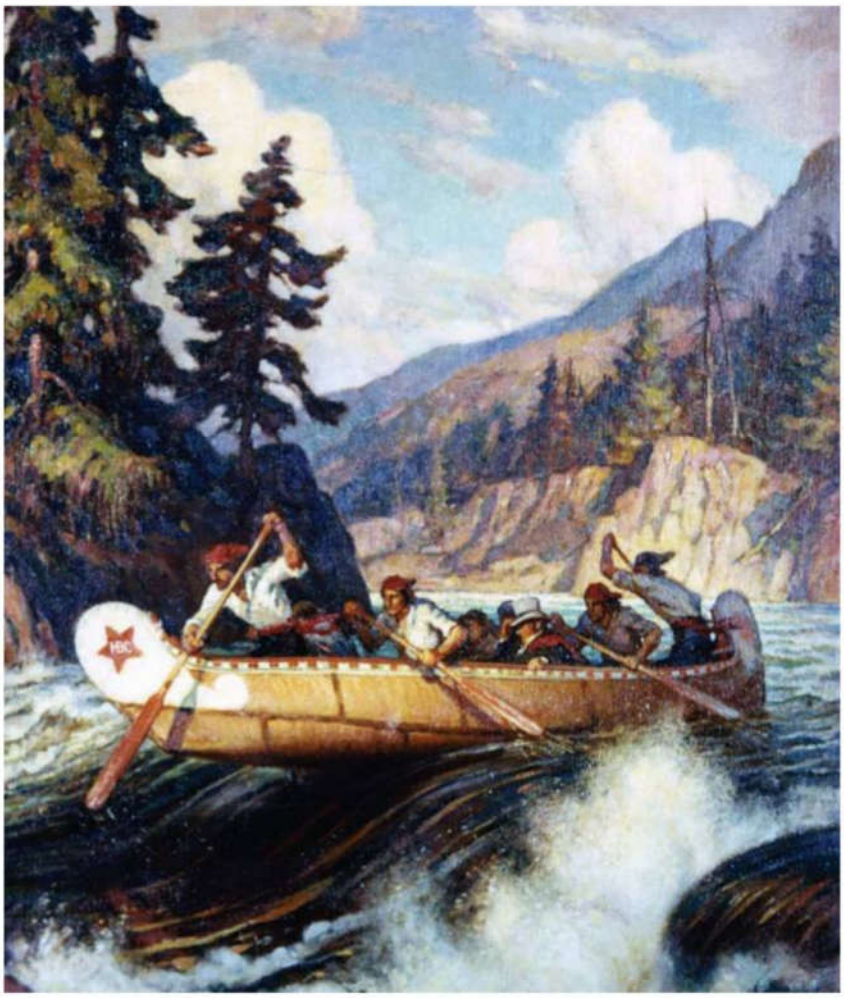
The Hudson's Bay Company has passed into foreign hands, but thanks to the wisdom of foresight its historical legacy remains secure.

Jennifer Brown has a reminder for everyone concerned that some vital part of Canada is being lost as the Hudson's Bay Company falls into the hands of South Carolina investor Jerry Zucker. The original HBC, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, were foreign investors themselves – pretty much our first, in fact.

Still, the foreign takeover of an iconic Canadian company echoed across the country this winter, as if a piece of the history of Canada was under the hammer. Professor Brown understands that significance. At the University of Winnipeg, she directs the Centre for Rupert's Land Studies, whose name is drawn from the name invented by the company in 1670 to define the lands that drain into Hudson Bay.

"The HBC Charter actually recognized the importance of that drainage basin and ecological region, without their even knowing what they were marking out," she says. "That name Rupert's Land expresses our sense that the region crosses modern, artificial boundaries like those of the provinces and the 49th parallel."

Rupert's Land was named after Prince Rupert, cousin of King Charles II and one of the coutiers named in the original charter. The continent-spanning trade in furs the Bay built up in Rupert's Land still gives the Hudson's Bay Company two powerful holds on the Canadian imagination. One is the link between the company and the north, that half-imaginary region that even the most citified of Canadians still consider a vital part of us. The other link is even more central. In the fur trade was born the relationship between white newcomers and First Nations, a relationship still vexed and still inescapable, as close as ever to the primal heart of the national psyche.



Chief Trader Archibald McDonald Descending the Fraser, 1828, from a painting by A. Sherriff Scott.

BEAVER COLLECTION

"I have always been put off by grandiose terms like 'Empire of the Bay,' says Brown. "There were a lot of native people living in that empire who might or might not have known of the Bay's existence. They certainly did not feel like its subjects. The company did not really control either the territory or the people living there."

In 1869, the Bay ceded to the new Canadian nation only its trading rights in Rupert's Land, not the territory itself.

Still, Brown emphasizes the importance of that long fur trade period, dominated by the Bay (and, to be fair, its Montreal rivals of the North West Company). "The long experience of the fur trade set the stage for a more peaceable reciprocal relationship [between First Nations and Europeans], that was not

the same as other, more directly confrontational colonial experiences. It was an ongoing relationship, with influences from both sides, and it went on for a very long time."

The waning of the fur trade's central importance in the mid-1800s ushered in one of those moments of transformative change that are always difficult for established companies. As Métis historian Blair Stonechild of First Nations University of Canada in Regina puts it, the company "discarded its relationship with aboriginal peoples as well as with its outlying posts. There remains no special relationship with aboriginal peoples."

Yet the Bay survived that change quite handily. In his history of Canadian business, *Northern Enterprise*, Michael Bliss observed that the company might have shifted from York boats to locomotives and launched the railroad era in the Canadian west. It missed that opportunity but found another in the field of department-store retailing. For over a hundred years, the mighty Bay store on the downtown corner or anchoring the mall has been part of Canadian retailing experience – though even here Timothy Eaton led the way, with the Bay scrambling to catch up.

Today a new era of transformative change is challenging the future of the traditional department store. Eaton's is already gone, and Hudson's Bay Company has had to make hard decisions – including putting itself on the market.

How much should we care? A couple of decades ago, when railroads surrendered their role as icons of Canada, it was Pierre Berton, historian of the National Dream, who urged us to remember that the nation was more than "parallel lines of rusting steel." Today Bliss has a similar message. "Canada was never defined by a company," he said recently. "Canada was always bigger than any company, and Canada survives when the companies fade into history."

Toronto writer Benj Gallander immersed himself in the northern legacy of Yukon pioneer and Hudson's Bay man Robert Campbell while on a writer's retreat at Berton House in Dawson City. "To have the oldest company in Canada under U.S. ownership is actually a little sad," he says. But Gallander is also a professional investment advisor. As such, he thinks the Bay may still have a bright future.

"We bought the HBC three years ago at $8.50 [per share] and if Zucker's proposal goes through, we will be tendering our shares at $15.50. Some people think Zucker's been taken, but we think he was simply quick to identify real underlying value when a lot of others, including a lot of Canadian investors, did not." Gallander observes that the brand's unique value may lie in its close association with Canada. And the Bay's new owner has said he intends to maintain the company brand.

Whatever happens commercially, the company's historical treasures are secure. Through the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation, it made its historical collections into public trusts years ago, together with an endowment to ensure their conservation. Today the Hudson's Bay artifact collection makes Winnipeg's Manitoba Museum a spectacular repository of fur trade and western history. The company's documentary records are also in Winnipeg. Professor Brown, one of many Canadian scholars to base her research career on them, observes that "the Manitoba Archives, now the home of the HBC records, is much better staffed through the company's support than it would have been otherwise."

Michael Bliss salutes the foresight of the company's former corporate secretary, Rolph Huband, for "making sure that Hudson's Bay history could outlive the company."

The Beaver, founded in 1920 as the company's house magazine, was the third part of those treasures. The Bay foundation seeded creation of Canada's National History Society and remains its main funder. As a registered charity the society publishes this magazine – another legacy of the Bay.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *The Beaver*. He is the author of *Adventurers*, a short history of Hudson's Bay Company published by Quantum Books under a commission from the company, which has donated tens of thousands of copies to Canadian schools and libraries.

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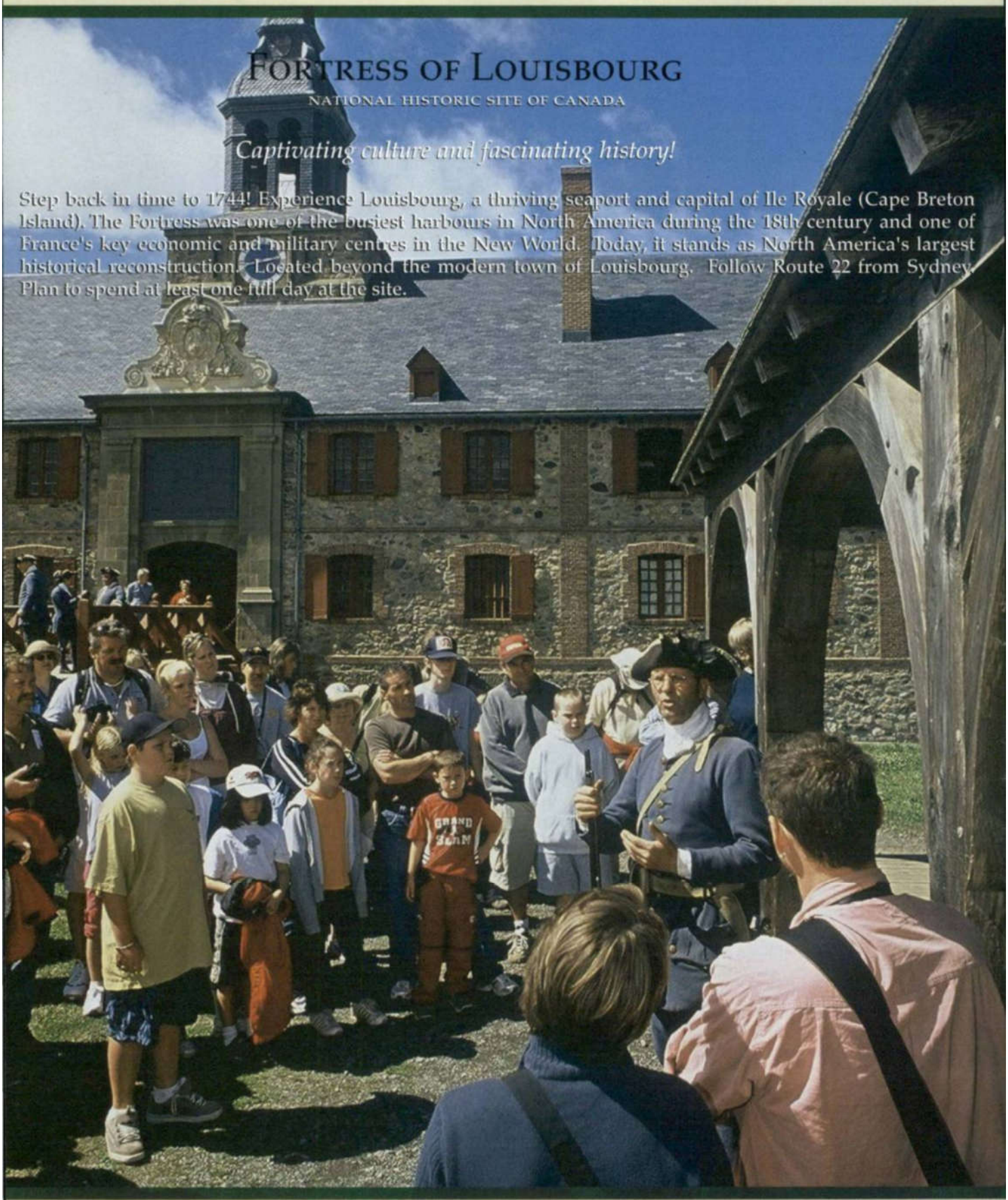

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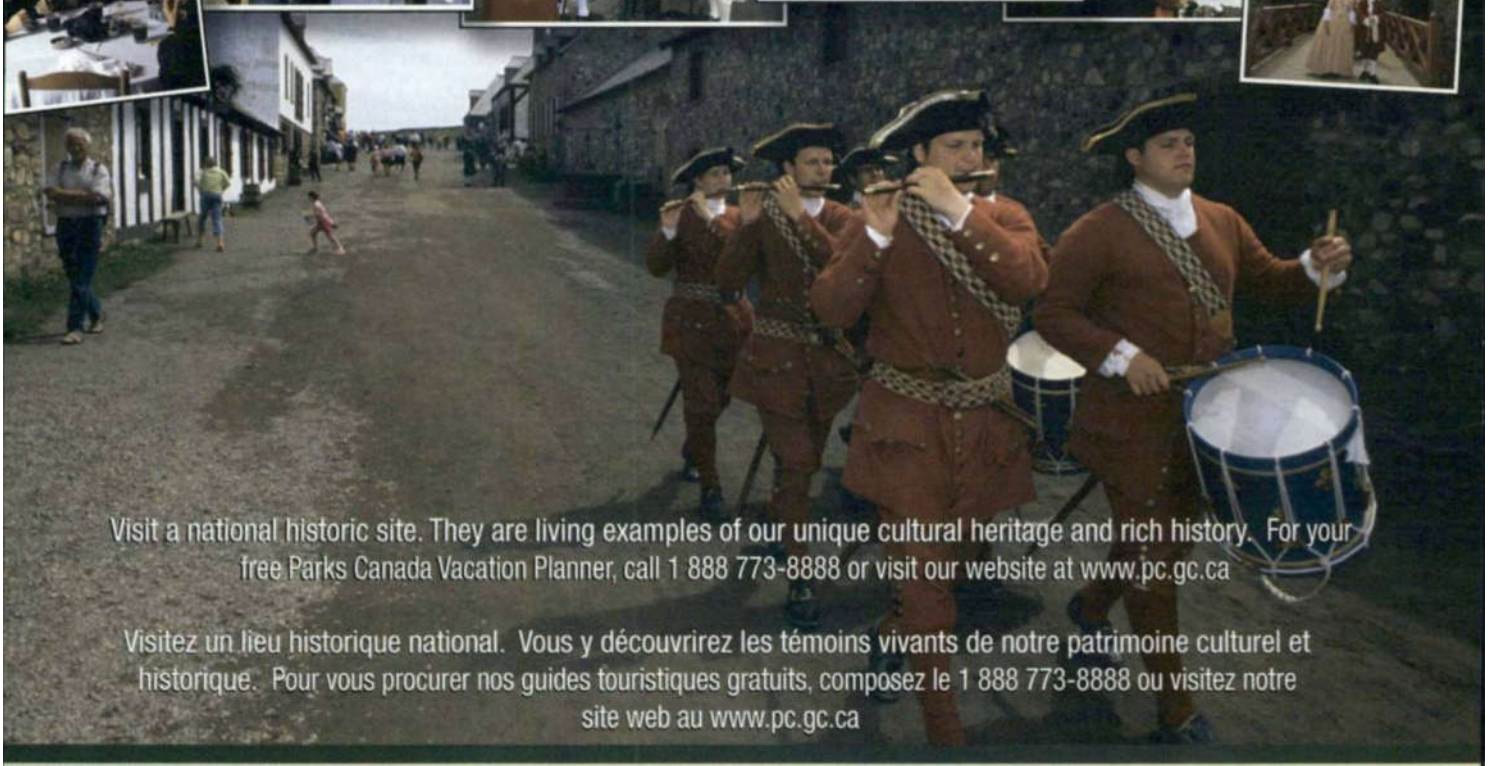

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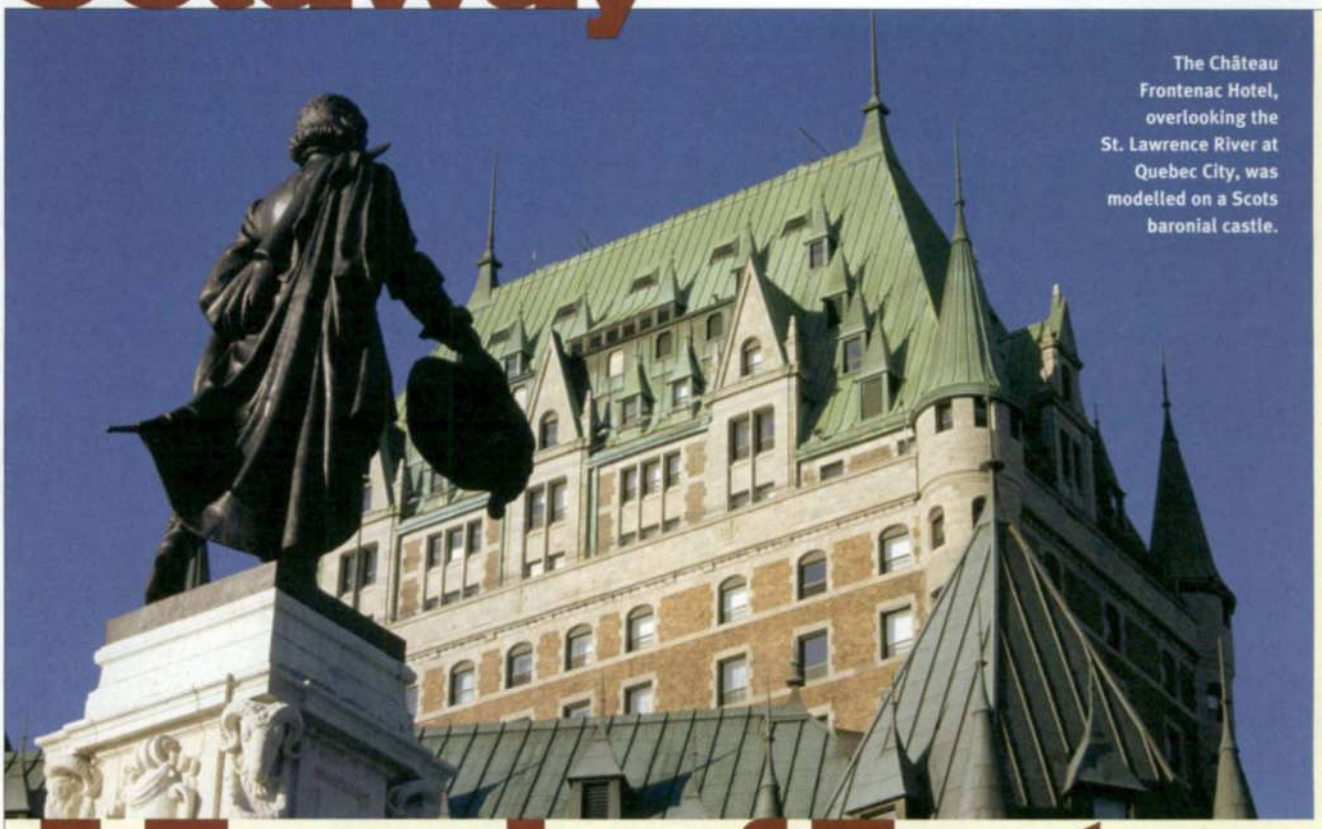

The Château Frontenac Hotel, overlooking the St. Lawrence River at Quebec City, was modelled on a Scots baronial castle.

A Touch of Tartan

Louisa Blair follows a deep Scottish thread that runs through the francophone city of Quebec.

Quebec City, where I live, is famous for a francophone population that has resided here for nearly 400 years and appears almost seamlessly homogenous. But while the English-speaking population is less than two percent, it was once over 40 percent. There's a strong element of tartan woven through today's *pure laine*. If you're interested in the Scottish history of Canada, Quebec City is a beautiful place to start.

The Château Frontenac, modelled on a Scots baronial castle, was built in 1925 on the ruins of the Château Saint-Louis, the residence of the governors of New France. The first British governor to inhabit the château in the 1760s, James Murray, was not English at all, but a Scot. Partly because of sympathies inherited from a 700-year-old alliance between France and Scotland, Murray disobeyed orders from London and enabled French-Canadians to keep their language, their religion and many French traditions relating to law and property.

While you're still fresh, stagger up the steps of the Promenade des Gouverneurs running east from the Terrace, and totter around the five-kilometre star-shaped perimeter of the 16-hectare Citadel, built in the 1820s with the help of Scottish stonemasons to keep out the Americans. While the Americans never made it over the walls, they now walk about freely as tourists and are buying up the old city as we speak.

The Plains of Abraham are now part of the 108-hectare Battlefields Park. Here General James Wolfe, who had fought against the Scots at Culloden in 1746, battled the French with the help of several Scottish veterans of Culloden who had switched sides. Thanks to the famous Franco-Scot link, one of his soldiers tricked the French sentries at the top of the cliff by replying to him in perfect French, allowing Wolfe's troops to climb the heights at first dawn, and leading to the conquest of Quebec.

Come down from the walls at the St. Louis Gate and walk across the Esplanade to d'Auteuil Street. There are very few buildings left dating from the French regime in Old Quebec, thanks to the British bombardment during the war of 1759.

LOUISA BLAIR

Before St. Andrew's Church was built in 1809, Presbyterians blithely worshipped in the Jesuits' chapel. Beside the church sits the manse, looking like a direct transplant from a Scottish high street.

When I moved to this area, known as Cape Diamond, it reminded me of Edinburgh. Then I discovered that a lot of these houses, mostly built between 1790 and 1850, were designed by Scottish architects, built by Scottish masons and plasterers and inhabited by Scots residents.

Cut through from d'Auteuil along the Ruelle des Ursulines, cross Sainte-Ursule and keep straight on along the back lane to the Ursuline Convent on Rue du Parloir, where the Fraser Highlanders were billetted in 1759. The sisters were so disturbed by the sight of their cold bare knees that they knitted them long stockings of *pure laine*. This is the oldest girls' school in North America, and in the 19th century many of its pupils, Protestant and Catholic, were the daughters of Scots timber merchants and shipbuilders who had made Quebec one of the most important maritime centres in America.

You won't see many signs literally spelling out the Scottish presence in Quebec until you reach Chaussée des Écossais. This newly named square is a tiny historic ghetto of the Scots in Quebec. Here Presbyterians built St. Andrew's Church in 1809, where Scots timber merchants rubbed shoulders with bakers, shoemakers and tailors. Beside the church sits the manse, or presbytery (1837), looking again like a direct transplant from a Scottish high street, and still the home of the congregation's minister.

Believing one could know the Holy Spirit only through reading scripture, not through the mediation of priests, many Scots Presbyterians in Quebec attempted to set up a genuine public education system so that everyone could learn to read. Kirk Hall (1829), on Chaussée des Ecossais, housed St. Andrew's School, which welcomed boys of every nationality, religion or race, with fees on a sliding scale dependent on income, and accepted girls from 1836. Across the road was Morrin College (1868 to 1904), funded by a bequest from Scottish doctor and mayor of Quebec, Joseph Morrin, where English-speaking men and women could obtain university degrees. Now the building is home to

Believing education was the right of all, Scots Presbyterians built Kirk Hall in 1829 for boys of every nationality. Girls were accepted in 1836.

a centre for anglophone history and culture in Quebec. Take a break here – it also houses the only English library in the city, which has barely changed its décor or atmosphere since Confederation.

If you've had enough of all that colonial peace and quiet, wander down to Rue Saint-Jean and stop for a beer at the Celtic-oriented Pub Saint-Alexandre. Some nights you can hear traditional Québécois fiddlers, or *violonneux*, and if you recognize some of the tunes from your CD of Scots fiddle music, don't be surprised. French-Canadian *violonneux* have been integrating Scots and Irish tunes for 250 years. And if by now you're not confused enough, a choice of over 40 single malts at the bar should finish the job.

Louisa Blair is the author of *The Anglos: The Hidden Face of Quebec City* published by Éditions Sylvain Harvey (2005).

If you go ...

For information on places to see, accommodations and special events, contact:

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DAWN HUCK

Your Story

Personal Affirmations

Kees (Lanny) van der Pol reflects on his parents' legal battle to become Canadian citizens. They simply could not tell a lie.

Forty-one years ago, on Nov. 26, 1965, my parents, Martin and Frances Vanderpol, received their Canadian citizenship papers at their *second* citizenship ceremony, about four months after their first.

Our family immigrated to Canada from Holland in 1960 when I was 5 years old and my sister Margaret was 6. Mom's brother, Jack van Werkhoven, and his wife, Rika, sponsored us, having immigrated three years earlier. A flight to Montreal and a train to the West Coast in the middle of winter brought us to Burnaby, B.C. For the first two years or so, we lived in various homes in the Vancouver/Burnaby area, usually sharing residences with my aunt and uncle.

Pop had a Grade 10 education and worked in Holland for Rotterdam Lloyd, a Dutch insurance company. During our first two years in B.C., he obtained his high-school diploma by correspondence while working at various jobs. In 1962, we moved to Victoria so he could enrol in the teacher education program at the University of Victoria in – of all fields – English! He went to school full-time while working as a full-time night auditor at the Empress Hotel to finance his studies.

In those days, citizenship required five years' residency, the passing of a citizenship test and the swearing of the Oath of Allegiance. My parents' dream of becoming Canadian citizens was shattered on July 21, 1965, when Judge Tyrwhitt-Drake denied them citizenship for refusing to swear an oath on the Bible. As atheists, they would not say, "So help me God."

My family became front-page news. Our case was compared to that of the Bergsmas in Ontario, who had been refused for the same reason on March 17, 1965. The Ontario Supreme Court upheld the citizenship court's denial, but the judge in the Ontario Court of Appeal reversed the lower court's decision on July 22, stating that, "lack of religious belief alone is not a ground upon which a citizenship court should decide against an application for citizenship."

My parents were denied the right to affirm citizenship the day before that Court of Appeal decision. Not challenging the fitness of our parents as citizenship material, Judge Tyrwhitt-Drake simply chose to follow the letter of the "ridiculous" (in his words) law requiring the religious ending. My parents did not want to become Canadian through a lie. As my father maintained: "It would have been quite easy to tell a lie and just recite the oath. But after you have followed a certain course for many years it is difficult to let your principles go. They know darn well I'm not the only atheist in the country."

My parents' situation became a media highlight, generating commentaries and even a cartoon. Christians and non-Christians supported their stand. One letter stated, "I am in sympathy with you in your beliefs &/or disbeliefs & expressing the hope that the Immigration authorities will grant you permission to stay in Canada as they did for the Bergsmas & to wish you luck." Unfortunately, my parents' atheism also made them the target of letters of condemnation, such as one written by Ma Murray in the *Bridge River-Lillooet News*:

> DUTCH ASTHEISTS COULD AT LEAST SWEAR ON TULIPS – FOR DAMSUR. Why doesn't the immigration department screen these knot-headed Dutch … Does Canada need immigrants so badly … It's a major embarrassment to our country and God … they won't be worth a tinker's dam. Rouse mit 'em!

Margaret was 12 while this controversy was raging. Ironically, my sister was attending Sunday school during this time (our parents never prevented us from seeking our own truths).

A day after the Vanderpols' citizenship ceremony, Victoria's *Daily Colonist* covered the story. Here, Minister Jack Nicholson (far left) presents citizenship papers to Martin and Frances, with their children, Kees and Margaret, in attendance.

However, some letters arrived insisting that we be taken away from our "godless" parents.

The suggestion by Citizenship and Immigration Minister Jack Nicholson that my parents seek citizenship status before another judge brought a flurry of responses. Martin and Frances refused to take their case to a different judge, with pop saying, "I don't think it's right to start shopping around all over the province for a favourable judge. It would be cheapening justice. It's a matter of right and wrong. The decision should be made in the House of Commons."

Fortunately, that was not required. Minister Nicholson believed the Ontario Court of Appeal had set the precedent. When he personally delivered my parents' citizenship papers Nov. 26, 1965, Nicholson stated:

> It is obvious to all that legislation which is national in scope, such as the Citizenship Act, must be applied uniformly across the country … It is my hope that, in light of events that have transpired, they will continue to be accepted without difficulty and without prejudice in every part of Canada. It is not for us to judge the criteria on which another makes his decisions, not for us to judge or dictate the rules of conscience which he must follow. The essence of religious liberty is the right to disagree, and we as Canadian citizens must, as a part of our duty, protect and defend the right for others and as well for ourselves.

Pop went on to finish his program at the University of Victoria and found a placement teaching English and German at Stanley Humphries Secondary School in Castlegar, B.C. He stayed there for 17 years. He entered local politics and became a regional district director in the Kootenays. He was also chairperson of the regional hospital board, a member of the water board and a founder of the Robson fire department.

Before our family left Holland, mom had been training as a nurse. In Canada she completed her training to become a licensed practical nurse in Nanaimo and then graduated from Selkirk College as a registered nurse. She worked for many years in local hospitals. After retirement she became involved with the Castlegar Volunteer Program.

At the age of retirement, my parents travelled to Indonesia where they lived and worked for two years. Today, both 76, they volunteer their time and energy to a number of charitable causes. Margaret and I believe our parents are worth a lot more than a "tinker's dam." Perhaps Ma Murray should have held her tongue.

Kees (Lanny) van der Pol is the principal of Nakusp Secondary School in Nakusp, B.C.

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

Lest We Forget
Creating a digital memory for all Canadians

Over 200 Manitoba veterans, students and military historians participated in the Dominion Institute's Memory Project Roadshow, held at Gordon Bell High School in Winnipeg on Feb. 7, 2006. It was the final leg in a five-city tour funded by the Department of Canadian Heritage as part of the gift for Her Majesty the Queen during the 2005 Royal Visit.

The morning was filled with emotional moments as students, some of whom had recently emigrated from war-torn countries, spoke with local veterans who had served in World War II, the Korean War and subsequent peacekeeping efforts. The event attracted the nephew of V.C. Cross recipient Leo Clarke – who permitted his uncle's full set of decorations and the original citation from King George VI to be digitally captured. Society staff members who assisted with the project deeply appreciated the gift of memory these veterans continue to provide for young people, knowing how fully they gave of themselves through their military service to the country.

Students at Winnipeg's Gordon Bell High School get their questions answered by a participating Memory Project veteran.

The project, designed to capture the oral histories of our veterans and to create a legacy of primary sources of information about Canada's wartime experiences, is destined to become an essential part of every school-aged child's exploration of our military history. Images and stories will be made available online at <thememoryproject.com/digitalarchives> as well as through public exhibitions at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa.

2006 Annual General Meeting

Canada's National History Society has scheduled its annual general meeting June 24, 2006 at the Saint Boniface Museum in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The 2005 Annual Report and Honour Roll will be published in the June/July issue of *The Beaver* along with the premiere issue of our new donors' bulletin entitled *Advancing History*.

All members of the Society are welcome to attend the annual general meeting. Please contact us for further details at 1-800-816-6777 ext 10.

Tell us what you think!

PRA Consultants, Inc., a Winnipeg-based research firm, has been awarded a contract to conduct a confidential survey for the History Society. Eight hundred randomly selected *Beaver* readers will receive a special mailing this spring seeking opinions on the editorial content of the magazine. This will give us with a snapshot of our present readers. By better understanding your preferences and interests, we will be able to design future content around themes most important to you. The information you provide will also help us in our marketing strategies as we seek to increase *The Beaver*'s readership. In order to preserve the integrity of the random sample, we urge you, if you have been chosen, to please take the time to complete the survey. Your opinions matter to us!

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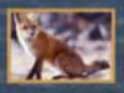

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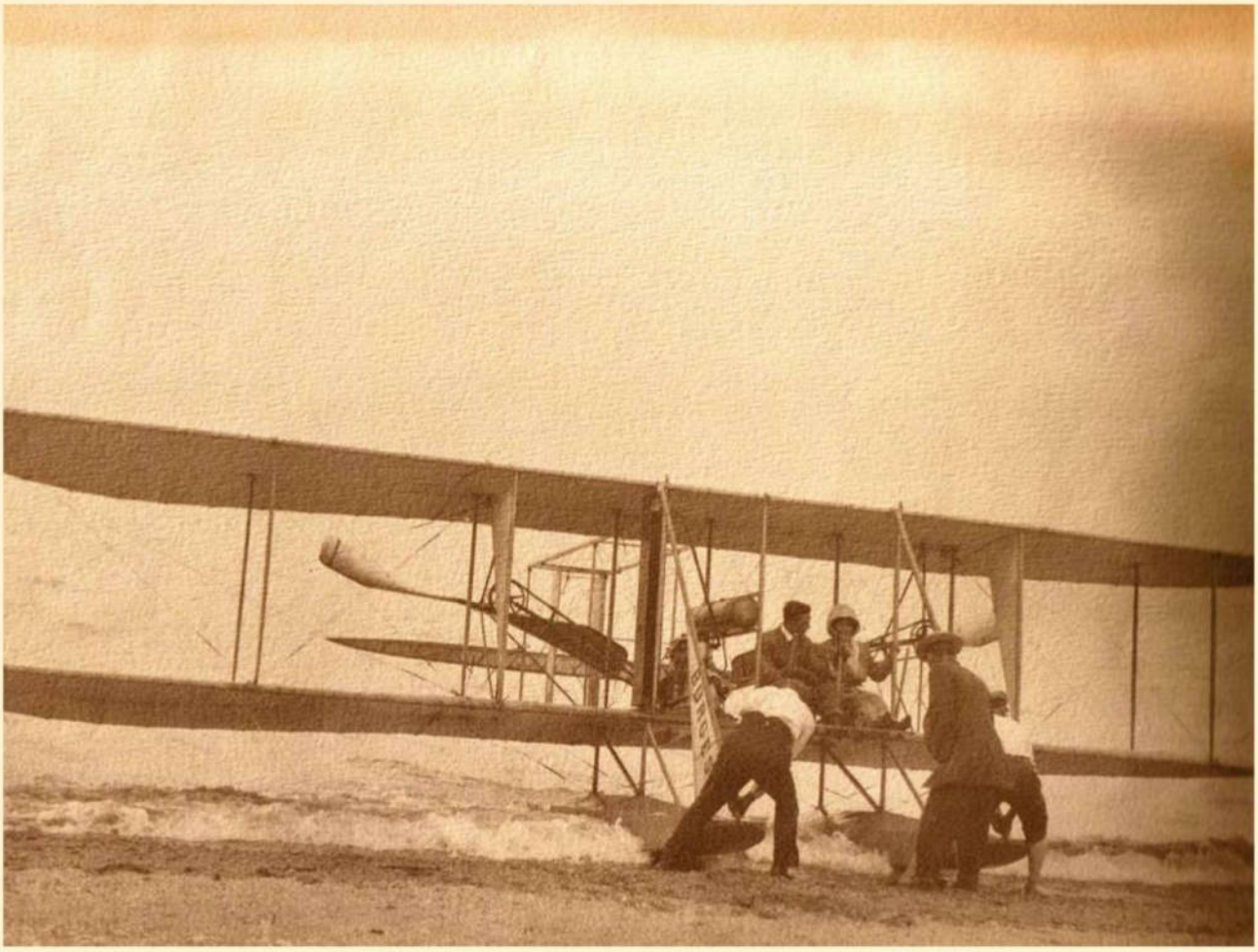
*No purchase necessary. For full details on how to enter go to: HistorySociety.ca. Contest is open to all Canadian residents over the age of 18 except those residing in Quebec. All entries must be received by midnight June 30th, 2006.

Album

John Patton, who submitted this photograph to *The Beaver*, is the grandson of Dora Elizabeth (Labatt) Spotswood (1882–1969). He lives in Toronto.



Miss Dora Labatt in an aeroplane

"Miss Dora Labatt enjoys the distinction of being the first London lady to take a trip in an aeroplane," wrote the *London Free Press*, July 22, 1912. The day was gloomy, the surf at Lake Erie was rolling, and the "hydro-aeroplane" bobbed up and down on the waves as if it were a cork, the newspaper reported. But Miss Labatt had no hesitation. As thousands on the beach watched, she climbed into the machine next to Port Stanley aviator Walter Brookins "as though it was an every-day event." The plane would rise 200 feet above water; the crowd would rush to the water's edge in amazement, but before she took her place in the passenger seat, the paper made clear, "there was no expression of fear on the countenance of Miss Labatt." Perhaps not, but as her daughter Kathleen would later recall, her mother had committed to the flight before thinking it through. Once committed, she was more afraid of backing out than going ahead: Dora was the daughter of brewer John Labatt and not one to disgrace her distinguished family. Stepping from the plane afterwards, the paper reported her smiling observation: "It was wonderful – the most thrilling and pleasant experience that has yet been my lot. … one need have no fear in taking a flight."

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Or email your submission to album@thebeaver.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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